

ZAYDE,
A
Spanish History,

Being a Pleasant and Witty
NOVEL.

The Second and Last Part.
Originally Written in *French*,

By Monsieur *SEGRAT*.

Done into *English* by *P. PORTER*, Esq;

L O N D O N,

Printed by *T. M.* for *William Cademan*, at
the *Pope's-Head* in the Lower-Walk of the
New-Exchange, in the *Strand*, 1678.

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THE SECOND PART.



WHEN *Gonsalvo* found himself in the Court of *Leon*; the sight of a Place where he had been so Happy, renewed in him the Remembrance of his pass'd Fortune, and awakened his Hatred against Don *Garcia*: The Regret of having lost *Zayde*, gave place (for some Moments) to the Impetuosity of his Rage: All his Thoughts were fill'd with a Desire to let that Prince know, how little he valued all the bad Usage he might receive from him.

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While his Mind was busied about these Thoughts, he saw *Hermenesilde* coming into the Room, followed by the Prince of *Leon*; The sight of both these present together, in so private a Place, and at Midnight, did so surprize him, that he was not able to conceal it: He went back some Steps; and his Astonishment did so plainly appear, that his Countenance betray'd the variety of Thoughts that crowded into his Imagination: In-so-much, that Don *Garcias*, breaking Silence, told him; I am mistaken, my dear *Gonsalvo*, if you are not yet ignorant of all the Alterations that happened in this Court: Do you doubt my being Lawful Possessor of *Hermenesilde*? I am truly, added he; and there is nothing wanting to compleat my Happiness, but your Consent, and your being a Witness of it: With that, he Embraced him; *Hermenesilde* did the like; and both the one, and the other, pray'd him to forgive them the Misfortunes which they had caused him. Sir, said *Gonsalvo* (throwing himself at the Prince's Feet) I rather ought to beg Pardon of you, for those bad Suspicions I had of you; though, at the same time, I must confess, I could not have any other of your Courtship to my Sister; but, I hope, you will be pleas'd
to

A Romance.

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to grant it to the first Impulse of so extraordinary a Surprize, and to the little Appearance I saw of the Favour you have done to my Sister. You might expect better things from her Beauty, and my Love. (Replied Don *Garcias*): I Conjure you, to pardon what she has done without your Consent, for a Prince whose Heart she knew so well. Sir, answered *Gonsalvo*, Success has so well justified her Conduct, that she has cause to blame me, for endeavouring to oppose her Happiness. After this, Don *Garcias* told *Hermesilde*, that, being it was late, she would (perhaps) be glad to retire; and, that he would be glad also, to stay some Moments with *Gonsalvo* alone.

When they were by themselves, he Embraces *Gonsalvo* with great Demonstrations of Friendship. *I* dare not hope (said he) you can forget what is passed: *I* only intreat you to remember the Friendship that was betwixt us; and to think, that if *I* have been wanting to what *I* ow'd you, it was by the Fascination of a Passion, that bereaves a Man of his Reason. *I* am so full of Surprize, Sir, (said *Gonsalvo*) that *I* can make you no Answer: *I* suspect my own Eyes; and cannot believe my self so Happy, as to find again that

same Goodness, which I have heretofore experimented in you: But, my Lord, give me leave to ask you, who it is, to whom I owe this happy Return? You ask too many Questions at once (Replied the Prince; yet, though I need a longer time to satisfy your Curiosity, I will tell you, in few Words; for, I will not put off, for the least time, what may justify my Proceedings towards you.

Then he went about to tell him the beginning of his Passion for *Hermenesilde*, and the share Don *Ramires* had in it: But *Gonsalvo*, to save him that Labour, told him, That he had learnt all that had passed to the Day of his parting from *Leon*; and, that he was only ignorant of what had happened since that time.

The HISTORY of
Don *Garcia* & *Hermenesilde*.

Doubtless, the Information you received of my Weakness, in consenting to your Banishment from Court, made you go away as you did: After your finding out,

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but, by *Nugna Bella's* Mistake, sending you the Letter she writ to Don *Ramires*; what we, with so much Industry, endeavour'd to keep from your knowledge. Don *Ramires* received the Letter which was directed to you; and soon perceiv'd the Mistake; for which, he was extremely perplexed; I was no less troubled; we were equally Guilty, tho' in a different manner. But the News of your Departure, gave him no small Joy; nor was I, then, sorry for it: But, when I reflected upon your Condition, and that I was the Cause of your Displeasure, I was infinitely troubled at it: I saw, it was much in the wrong, to have so studiously conceal'd from you the Passion I had for *Hermesinda*. My Opinion was then, That the Nature of my Inclination for her, was not to be blam'd or condemn'd. It came into my Thoughts several times, to send after you; and I had certainly done it, if I had been the only Person in Fault; But the Interest of *Nugna Bella*, and Don *Ramires*, were invincible Obstacles to your Return. I conceal'd my Thoughts from them, and made use of all wayes possible, to make me forget you: Your Departure made a great Noise; and it was variously talk'd of, according to Peoples Inclinations. When I found my self

loose from the stay of your Counsell; and gave my self over to Don Ramiro his Advice, who thought it his Intrest to see me more Absolute; I fell at open Variance with the King: who then found he was mistaken in the opinion he had, that it was you that put me upon doing those things, which had been so displeasing to him; our Mis-understandings grew Publick; the Queen's Endeavours proved fruitless; and Things were come to that pass, that all believed I meant in good Earnest to form a Party. Nevertheless, I believe, I should not have taken that Resolution, were it not for your Father, who (by the means of some People that he had placed about your Sister, understood the Love I had for her) sent me word, that, if I would Marry her, he would Raise me a considerable Army, and furnish me with what Mony and strong Places, that might be necessary to compel the King (my Father) to give me a share in the Sovereign Government: You know, what Influence my Passions have upon me; and what Power Love, and Ambition, have over my Heart: Both the one, and the other, were answered by the Officers that were made me; and my Vertue was too feeble, to resist their Temptations; being no longer supported

ported by the Strength of your Advice. I accepted, with Joy, his Offers; but, before I would fully resolve to engage myself, I desired to know, who were to be of the Party I intended to Head? I was told, there were many Persons of great Quality; amongst others, the Father of *Nugna Bella*, one of the Counts of *Castile*: I found also, that *Nugnes Fernando*, and he, required I should own them as Sovereign Princes: This Proposition surpriz'd me; and I was ashamed, to consent to an Act so prejudicial to the State, out of an over eagerness to Reigne: But Don *Ramires* his Interest made me pass over all: He assured those that treated for the Counts of *Castile*, they should prevail with me, to do what they desired, upon condition, that he might be secured to have *Nugna Bella*. He brought me to demand her for him; I did it with Joy, and it was granted me; so that, our Treaty was concluded in few Dayes. I could not resolve to put off my enjoying *Hermensilde*, untill the end of the War; and therefore, I sent word to *Nugnes Fernando*, that I would carry her away with me, at my going from Court; He consented to it: Now, all my care was only, how I should bring it about; Don *Ramires* was as much concern'd as I;

because Don *Diego Porcellos* thought it necessary that *Nugna Bella* should be conveyed away at the same time. We resolved (when the Queen should go out of the Town to take the Aire) to make the Coach-man that was to drive *Nugna Bella* and *Hermenefilde*, to leave that Road the Queen should take, and to drive directly to *Palence*, a Town that was in my power, and where I was to meet *Nugnes Fernando*.

All which, was executed with more success than we hoped for: I Married *Hermenefilde* that very Night, for so, Decency, and my Love required; besides that, it tyed *Nugnes Fernando* more close to my Interest: In the mid'st of our Merriments we spoke of you with Regret: I confess'd to your Father what occasion'd your departure, we lamented our Misfortune of being Ignorant in what part of the world you were gon to. I could not satisfie my self without you, and I was unconsalable for your loss; I looked upon Don *Ramires* with horror, as the causer of my fault: His marriage was put off, because *Nugna Bella* would stay for her Father, who stay'd behind in *Castile*, to gather the Troops which were raised there.

In the mean time, most part of the Kingdom declared for me, for all that, the King had a considerable Army, and made Head against me, many Battels we refought; in the first of which, Don *Ramires* was Kill'd upon the Spot; for which, *Nugna Bella* appeared very much Afflicted; your Sister was witness of her Grief, and took pains to comfort her. In less than too months I made so considerable a progress, that the Queen despairing of better success, perswaded the King to come to an Accomodation: She came towards the place where I was; she told me the King was resolved to seek out a quiet Retreat, and to depose himself, and resigne his Throne to me; that he would only reserve to himself the Sovereignty of *Zamara*, to pass the rest of his days in, and that of *Oviedo*, to bestow upon my Brother. It were hard to reject such advantageous offers: I accepted of them; all things necessary for the accomplishment of this Treaty we performed: I came to *Leon*, where I saw the King; he resigned to me his Crown, and parted that very day for *Zemara*.

Give me leave Sir, interrupted *Gonsalvo*, to tell you my wonder at all this: Stay a little, said Don *Garcia*, untill I have told you

you what became of *Nagna Bella*: I know not whether what I am going to tell you, will make you glad or sorry, for I am ignorant of your thoughts of her. I have none Sir, answered *Gonsalvo*, but a calm indifference for her. Then you will hear me out, without much pain, replied the King: Presently after the Peace was concluded, She came to *Leon* with the Queen: She seemed to wish for your return: I spoke to her of you, and I found in her a hearty Repentance for her Infidelity to you. We resolved to make a diligent search after you, though we found it difficult, not knowing to what corner of the Earth you were gon to: She told me, if any one could give me light in it, it must be *Don Olmond*: I sent for him at that very instant; I conjur'd him, to tell me where you were: He told me, That since my being Married, and the Death of *Don Ramires*, he had often a great mind to speak to me of you; judging, that the reasons that caused your absence, might now be ceased; but that being not inform'd of the place of your abode, he did believe it to no purpose: Lastly, that he had very lately received a Letter from you, wherein you gave him no account of your Residence, but desired him to write to
you

you to *Paradise*, which made him judge that you were not out of *Spain*: I immediately dispatched away several Officers of my Guard to go look for you: I found by the Letter, you writ to Don *Olmond*, that you knew nothing of the alterations that happened: I gave them order not to let you know any thing of the state of the Court, or my intentions; for I fancied to my self an extream pleasure in being the first that should inform you both of the one and the other: Some days after, Don *Olmond* parted likewise in quest of you, with an opinion that he should find you sooner than those I sent: *Nugna Bella* seemed extreamly satisfied with the hope of seeing you again; but her Father, whom I acknowledged as Sovereign Prince (as well as your Father) sent to the Queen to beg she might be suffered to come to him: Though *Nugna Bella* was infinitely grieved at this separation, yet she could not avoid it: she went away: As soon as she was Arrived in *Castile*, her Father Married her against her will to a *German* Prince, whom Curiosity, or Devotion had brought into *Spain*: He fancied an extraordinary merit in this Stranger, and therefore made choyce of him for his Son-in-Law; he may be both Wise and Valiant,
but

but neither his Humour nor his Person are agreeable; and in a word, *Nugna Bella* is most unhappy.

Thus have you, said the King, all that has happen'd here since your departure; and if you are no more concern'd for *Nugna Bella*, and Love me still, I have nothing more in the world to wish for, since you may be as happy as ever you were, and I shall be so likewise by the return of your Friendship. You Confound me Sir, with so many, and so great favours, answered *Gonsalvo*, I fear I shall not be able to make you sensible enough of my joy and acknowledgments; for my Misfortunes, and my Solitude have so accustomed me to sadness, that I cannot of a suddain shake off their impression, which clouds the cheerful thoughts of my heart.

After this, the King withdrew, and *Gonsalvo* was Conducted to an Apartment which was prepared for him in the Court. When he saw himself alone, and made some reflection upon his own insensibility, of so advantageous a change, he was angry with himself for having so intirely given himself over to Love.

O *Zayde*, it is you alone, said he, that hinders me from enjoying the return of my Fortune, and of a Fortune so far above what

what I lost : My Father is a Sovereign Prince, my Sister is a Queen, and I am revenged of all those that betrayed me ; and yet am Unfortunate , and would purchase at the hazard of all these advantages, the occasion I have lost of following you, and seeing you once more.

The next day, all the Court was full of *Gonsalvo's* return ; the King thought he could never shew enough , how much he esteemed him, and took all the care imaginable to give publick demonstrations of it, to Repair, in some measure, what had pass'd : So great a favour could be no Consolation to this Lover for the loss of *Zayde* ; nor was it in his power to conceal his Affliction. The King took notice of it, and pressed him so hard to declare the cause of it, that *Gonsalvo* was fain to tell it him. After having informed him of his Passion for *Zayde*, and all that had befallen him since his departure from *Leon*. Thus Sir, said he, have I been punished for daring to maintain against you, that none ought to Love, but after a long acquaintance : I was deceived by a Person, whom I believed I knew well, and this experience could not defend me against *Zayde*, whom I did not know at all, nor know not yet ; and for all this, disturbs the happy state
in

in which you are pleased to place me. The King was too sensible of Love, and had too great a feeling of all that concern'd *Gonsalvo*, not to be touched at his Misfortune, he began to consult with him of the means how to learn some tidings of *Zayde*; they resolved to send to *Tortosa*, to the House where he heard her voyce, to endeavour to be informed of her Country at least, and whether she might be gone. *Gonsalvo*, who had a design to let *Alphonso* know all that had happen'd to him since he left his Solitude, laid hold of this occasion to write to him, and to renew the assurances of his Friendship towards him.

In the mean time, the *Mores* taking their time, when the Kingdom of *Leon* was in these disorders, had surprized several Towns, and continued still to enlarge their bounds without so much as declaring War. *Don Garcias*, prompted by his natural Ambition, and fortified by *Gonsalvo's* Valour, resolves to Invade their Country, and retake from them all those places which they had Usurped. His Brother *Don Ordogno* joyned himself to him, and betwixt them, they brought a powerful Army into the Field, whereof *Don Gonsalvo* was made General: He made a very considerable Progress in

a very short time, he took divers Towns; he had the better in several Battels, and at last, Besieges *Talauera*, a place of great Importance, considerable for its Scituati-on and Greatness. *Abderam*, King of *Cordova*, who succeeded *Abdala*, came in Per-son, to oppose the King of *Leon*: He came towards *Talauera*, with hopes to force them to raise the Siege. *Don Gar-cias*, and the Prince *Ordogno*, having left *Gonsalvo* with part of the Army to streigthen the Town, Marches with the rest of the Army to meet him in order to fight him. *Gonsalvo* was extream glad of the employment; for, his assurance either to win or dye, would not let him fear any ill success. Having no news of *Zayde*, he was more afflicted than ever, with the passion he had for her, and his great desire of seeing her; so that in spite of his Fortune and Glory, being not able to hope for any thing but a miserable kind of life, he run head-long into all occasions of ending it.

The King Marches against *Abderame*, whom he found Incamped in an advan-tagious post, within a days March to *Talauera*; they passed some days without action, for the *Moores* would not come out of their Post; and *Don Garcias* did

not think himself strong enough to Attack them: In the mean time, *Gonsalvo* judged it impossible to continue the Siege, because his Forces being not numerous enough to encompass the whole Town, and Parties getting into the Town every Night, might put the Besieged in a posture of making stronger Sallies than he could sustain; and therefore having made a considerable breach, he resolved to hazard a general Assault, and to endeavour by so bold an attempt, to carry the Victory, which otherwise was desperate. He puts this result into execution; and after giving all necessary orders, he begun the Attack before day, but with so much resolution, and hope to overcome, that he inspired the same courage into all his Men: They performed incredible things, and at last, in less than two hours, *Gonsalvo* carried the Town: He did what was possible to hinder the Souldiers from Plundering, but it was impossible to stop an Army from it, whom the hope of Plunder encouraged, more than any other motive whatever.

As he run about the Town himself, to prevent the disorder (which upon such occasions are too frequent) he saw a man alone, defending himself with incredible Valour against a great many; he endeavoured

voured by Retreating, to get into a Castle which held out still : Those that attacked him, pressed him so home, that he had been infallibly kill'd, if *Gonsalvo* had not thrown himself betwixt them and him; and commanded them to withdraw : He made them ashamed of the action; they excused themselves, by telling him that, the man they Assaulted, was Prince *Zulema*, who had kill'd abundance of their Men, and was endeavouring to throw himself into that Castle. This Name was too famous, by the greatness of this Prince; and the general Command he had amongst the *Mores*, not to be known to *Gonsalvo*: He advances towards him; and this Valiant Man seeing it impossible any longer to defend himself, deliver'd his Sword, with so noble and so bold an aire, that *Gonsalvo* could no longer doubt, but that he well deserved the great Reputation which he had gain'd: He gave him to be kept Prisoner to some Officers that followed him, and Marches to Summon the Castle : He promis'd Quarter to all that were in it. The Gates were opened for him; he was told (as he enter'd) that there were many *Arabian* Ladies, who cast themselves into it for safety. He was Conducted to the place where they were; he enters a

spacious Appartment, richly furnished after the Morish fashion; several Ladies lying along upon Carpets (by their melancholly silence) made appear how sad they were for their Captivity: they lay at some distance, out of respect to a Lady Magnificently Arrayed, that was sitting upon a Pallet, with her head leaning upon one of her Hands, and with the other wiping her Tears, and hiding her Face, as it were to keep her self for some moments from being seen by her Enemies: At last (at the noise which those that followed *Gonsalvo*, made) coming into the Room, she turned her Head, and let *Gonsalvo* see it it was *Zayde*: But *Zayde*, far more beautiful than he had ever seen her, in spite of all the grief and trouble that appear'd in her Face. *Gonsalvo* was so surpriz'd, that he seemed more troubled than *Zayde*; and *Zayde* seemed to take courage, and lose some part of her trouble, at the sight of *Gonsalvo*: They advanced towards one another; and beginning both to speak at once, *Gonsalvo* making use of the Greek Tongue, asked her pardon for appearing before her like an Enemy: At the same time *Zayde* said in *Spanish*, she fear'd no more those Misfortunes which she apprehended, and that this was not the first dan-

danger in which he had relieved her: they were so amazed to hear each other speaking their Language, and their surprise represented to them, so plainly, the reasons why they learnt those Languages; that they both Blush'd, and remained silent for some time. At last *Gonsalvo* broke silence, and continuing to make use of the Greek Tongue, said, I know not (*Madam*) whether I had reason to wish as much as I have done, that you might understand me, perhaps I should not be less unhappy: But happen what will, since I have the Joy of seeing you once again, after having so often lost all hope of you, I will never more complain of my Fortune. *Zayde* seemed somewhat puzzled at what *Gonsalvo* said; and looking upon him with those fair eyes, wherein (nevertheless, he could read nothing but Melancholly. I know not yet (said she to him in her own Language, being not willing to speak any more *Spanish*) whether my Father has escaped with his Life, amid'st so many dangers, to which he has exposed himself this day; you will excuse me if my concern for him hinders me from making Answer to what you said. *Gonsalvo* caused some of those that were about him, to enquire after what she de-

fired to know : He had the pleasure to learn that the Prince (whom he saved) was *Zayde's* Father ; and she seemed to be over-joy'd to know by what happy means her Fathers Life came to be sav'd. After this, *Gonsalvo* was oblig'd to pay his respects to the rest of the Ladies that were in the Castle : He was not a little surpris'd to find Don *Olmond* in that Castle, of whom, there had been no tydings since he went from *Leon* to seek him out. Having performed the Civilities that were due to so faithful a Friend, he returned to the place where *Zayde* was. As he began to speak to her, word was brought that the Confusion and Disorder was so great in the Town, that nothing but his Presence could put a stop to it. He was fain to go where his Duty call'd him ; he gave the orders that were necessary to appease the tumult which the Avarice of the Souldiers, and the terror of the Inhabitants had caused: After which, he sent away an express to the King, to acquaint him with the taking of the Town, and so came back with what hast he could to *Zayde*.

All the Ladies that were with her, were, by chance, at some distance from her: *Gonsalvo* was resolv'd to take the advantage of this favourable moment, to speak
to

to her ; but as he was going to entertain her with the declaration of his Passion, he felt in himself an extraordinary Irresolution, and found that it is not enough at all times to be in a capacity of being understood, to make a man resolute enough to declare his mind ; he was fearful, nevertheless, of losing an opportunity which he so much long'd for ; and after, having for some time admir'd the Caprice of Chance, that made them be so long together, without being able to be acquainted, or to speak to one another : We are now (says *Zayde*) far from falling into the same difficulty, since *I* understand *Spanish*, and you know my Language. *I* fancied my self so unhappy (replied *Gonsalvo*) in not knowing it, that *I* have learnt it, even when *I* was out of hope, that it should ever be useful to repair what *I* have endured for not understanding it. For my part, (Answered *Zayde*, Blushing) *I* have learnt the *Spanish* Tongue, because it is hard to live in a place without acquiring the Language thereof, that one may not be always in trouble how to make themselves understood.

I often understood you, Madam, (said *Gonsalvo*) and though *I* knew not your

Language, yet *I* could give a very exact account of some of your Sentiments. *I* am likewise perswaded; you saw mine much better than *I* did yours. *I* assure you (Answered *Zayde*) *I* am not so quick of Apprehension as you take me to be; and that all *I* could judge of you, was, that you were sometimes very sad. *I* also let you know the cause thereof (replied *Gonsalvo*;) and *I* am perswaded, that although you knew not the meaning of my words, you could not chuse but understand me: Go not about to deny it Madam, for you have Answered me with a Severity that may please you; but since *I* found your indifference, how could you avoid finding out Sentiments which appear much more plainly than indifference, and which expound themselves often even against our will? Yet *I* must confess *I* observed sometimes those bright eyes turned towards me, after a manner that might give me Joy, if at the same time *I* did not believe my self beholding to some other, for what was of obliging in them. *I* will not disown, (Answered *Zayde*) but that *I* did fancy you like one; but you would have no cause to be angry at it, if you knew how often *I* wished you the same Person whom you resembled. *I* know

know not Madam (Answered *Gonsalvo*) whether I should fancy what you have said, to be to my advantage; nor can I thank you for it, unless you did explain your self better: I have told you too much (replyed *Zayde*) to need any further Exposition; and my last words oblige me to keep it as a secret: Sure I am reserv'd for nothing but Misfortunes, (Answered *Gonsalvo*) since I cannot understand what you say, even when you speak to me in *Spanish*: But Madam, can you yet be so Cruel, as to add more uncertainties to those in which I have liv'd so long? I must dye at your feet, or you must tell me who it was you wept so much for in *Alphonso's* Solitude; who it is that my good or bad Fortune has made me resemble: Doubtless my curiosity would not stop at these two things, if the respect I bear you, did not withhold it; but I will wait with patience, until time and your goodness will give me leave to ask you more.

As *Zayde* was going to answer, some *Arabian* Ladies that were in the Castle, desired to speak to *Gonsalvo*, and there came afterwards so many other People in, that (with the care the Princess took to avoid a particular Conference, it was im-

possible for him to find any further opportunity.

He shut himself up alone, to abandon himself to the pleasure of having found *Zayde* again, and in a place where he had the sole command. He believed also to have observed some joy in her eyes when she saw him; he was very glad that she had learnt the *Spanish* Tongue; and she made use of his Language with such readiness and promptness, as soon as she saw him, that he flatter'd himself with the opinion that he had a great share in the care she took to learn it; at least, the sight of *Zayde*, and the hope he had, not to be hated by her, made *Gonsalvo* feel all the pleasure that a Lover (that is not assured of the affections of his Mistress) can be sensible of.

The return of Don *Olmond* from the Castle, whether he had sent him to place some of his Troops, interrupted his thoughts; as he found him in the same place with *Zayde*, he thought he might inform himself of that fair Princesses Birth and Adventures; but he apprehended that he might be in Love with her, and his fear of finding a Rival in the Man he believed his Friend, retarded for a long time his Curiosity; but could not forbear, at
last,

last, asking Don *Olmond*, by what Accident he was brought to *Talevera*. After he had learnt that he was taken Prisoner, going to look after him at *Tarragon*, he spoke to him of *Zulema* first, the better to bring on the discourse of *Zayde*.

You must know (said Don *Olmond*) that he is Nephew to the *Caliph Osman*, and that he should have been in the place of *Carmadan*, that reigns at this day, if he had been as fortunate as his Merit deserves; he holds yet a considerable rank among the *Arabians*: He came into *Spain* to be General of the King of *Cordova's* Army, where he has lived with so much Honour and Grandeur, that I was surpris'd at it. At my Arrival here, I found a very agreeable Court: *Belleny*, the Wife of Prince *Osmin*, *Zulema's* Brother, was then here; this Princess was no less respected for her Virtue, than her high Birth: She had with her the Princess *Felime*, her Daughter, whose Wit and Beauty are full of Charms, though there appears (in both) something of Languishing and Melancholly. You have seen the incomparable Beauty of *Zayde*, and you may judge how great my Astonishment was to find at *Talevera* so many Persons worthy of Admiration. It is true (replyed *Gonsalvo*)
that

that *Zayde* is the most accomplish'd Beauty I ever saw; and I question not, but she has a great number of Admirers here, *Alamire*, Prince of *Tharsus*, is passionately in Love with her, answered *Don Olmond*; he began to be in Love with her in *Cyprus*, and came along with her from thence: *Zulema* suffer'd Shipwrack upon the Coast of *Catalonia*; he is come (since that) into *Spain*, and *Alamire* came to *Talavera* to find out *Zayde*.

These words of *Don Olmond*, struck *Don Gonsalvo* to the heart; they confirm'd him in all his Suspicions, and he found in an instant that all his Imaginations were true; the hopes of being deceived (with which he had so often flatter'd himself) quite left him; and the Joy which he received in his last Conversation with *Zayde*, served only to augment his grief. He was no longer in doubt, but that those Tears which she shed at *Alphonso's*, were for *Alamire*, that it was him he was like; and that it was he that carryed her away from the Coast of *Catalonia*: These thoughts gave so much disquiet to his mind, that *Don Olmond* believed he was Sick, and gave him to know that he was much concern'd thereat. *Gonsalvo* concealed the cause of his Affliction, and was ashamed

to own that he was in Love after what he had already suffer'd by it: he told him he should be well again in a little while, and ask'd him if he had ever seen *Alamire*, whether he was worthy of *Zayde*, or whether she Loved him? I never saw him (replyed *Don Olmond*) for he was gone to joynt with *Abderam*, before I was brought to this Town; his Reputation is great, but I know not whether *Zayde* Loves him or not; but I believe it is not easie for her to despise the Application of a Prince, so deserving as he is given out to be, and he appears so assiduous about her, that it is hard to say, that he should be altogether neglected by her; the Princess *Felime*, with whom I have contracted a sincere Friendship, in spite of the reservedness, in which the People of her Country and Quality live, has often spoke to me of *Alamire*, and to judge of him by what she says, there cannot be a more accomplish'd Person, or a more passionate Lover than he is. If *Don Gonsalvo* had followed the impulse of his thoughts, he had ask'd many more questions of *Don Olmond*; but he was with-held by the fear he had of discovering to him what he studied to conceal; he only asked him what became of *Felime*: *Don Olmond* told him, that

that she was gone after the Princess her Mother, to *Oropese*, where *Osmín* commanded a Body of an Army.

After this, *Gonsalvo* withdrew, pretending to take some rest; but in reality, to be at Liberty to Afflict himself, and to reflect upon the stubbornness of his invincible Misfortunes. Why did not *I* know that *Zayde* was in Love with *Alamire*, before I found her again? If I had been assured of that, when I lost her, I should have been less afflicted for her absence; I should not be so joyful for having found her, nor should I endure now the cruelty of losing all the hopes she came from giving me. What kind of Destiny is mine, that even the sweetness of *Zayde* must create me nothing but Misfortune? Why should she seem to Countenance my Love, if she approves *Alamires* passion? Or what means that wish of hers, that I might be the man I resemble?

These kind of reflections augmented his Grief; and the next day, which he ought to have wished for with impatience, and which ought to be to him so grateful, since he was sure to see *Zayde*, and to speak to her; seemed to him the most frightful of all his Life; for he fancied, that in seeing her, he could hope for no other

other thing, but the Confirmation of all his Disasters.

About Mid-night, the Messenger whom he had sent to the King, to acquaint him with the taking of the Town, came back with Orders, for *Gonsalvo* to March away at that very instant, with all his Cavalry, to joine the Army. Don *Garcias* knew that the *Moors* expected a considerable Recruit; and as soon as he knew that *Gonsalvo* had taken *Talevera*, he thought it expedient, by the benefit of this Victory, together all his Forces, and to fall upon the Enemy before they were re-inforced by their new Succours.

Though *Gonsalvo* saw the difficulty of executing his Majesties Orders, by the trouble he should find to make his Souldiers March, being scarce refreshed after the Fatigue of the precedent Night; yet the ardent Desire he had to be at the Battle, made him use so much Diligence, that he put his Men in a very short time, in a readines to March; and he did himself the cruel Violence of parting with *Zayde*, without taking his leave of her. He ordered *Zulema* to be brought into the same Castle where the Princess was; and commanded him that was Governour of it, to acquaint her with the Reasons that obliged him to leave *Talarvera* in such hast.

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At Break of Day he put himself in the Head of his Cavalry, and began to March with a Sadness proportionable to the cause of his imagined Grief. When he came near the Camp, he met the King that came out to receive him: He alighted, and went towards him, to give him an account of what passed at the taking of *Talavera*. After he had discoursed with him about what concern'd Martial Affairs, he spoke to him of his Love: He told him how he had found *Zayde*; but that he had likewise found out that *Rival*, whose only Shaddow had created him so much trouble. The King told him how much he was concerned in all that touched him, and how much he was satisfyed with the Victory he had gained. After this, *Gonsalvo* went to quarter his Men, and to put them into a Condition, by a few Hours Rest, to be ready for the Battle which was intended to be given: They had not yet resolved upon it; for the advantageous Post in which the Enemy was, their Number, and the length of the March to them, render'd this Resolution hard to be embraced, and dangerous to be put in Execution. Nevertheless, *Gonsalvo* was for giving Battle; and the hope he had of meeting *Alamire* in the Combat, made him maintain his

his Opinion with so much earnestness, that the giving Battle was resolved upon the next Day.

The *Arabians* were Encamped in a Plain, within sight of *Almeras*; their Camp was encompassed by great Woods; infomuch, that there was no Access to them, but by such narrow wayes, that it did seem unsafe to attempt it; notwithstanding, *Gonsalvo* in the Head of the Horse, begun first to pass the Wood, and appeared first in the Plain, followed by some Squadrons. The *Arabians* were so started to see their Enemies so near, that they employed the time of Fighting, in consulting what they had best to do; so that, they gave the *Spaniards* the leasure to March all their Men through the Wood, and draw them up in *Battalia*, on the Plain. *Gonsalvo* Marched directly towards them, with the left Wing, beat back their Battalions, and put them to a disorderly Rout: He did not amuse himself to pursue those that fled; but seeking up and down, the Prince of *Tharsus*, and fresh Lawrels, turns short upon the *Arabian* Infantry: But the right Wing did not fare so well; for, the *Arabians* routed it, and beat it back to the main Body, which was Commanded by the King of *Leon*; But the King put a stop to their

Fury, and repulſed them even to the very Gates of *Almaras*; ſo that, the Foot only was left Commanded by *Abderame*, and ſtoutly attacked by *Gonſalvo*: This Body of Infantry ſtood firm to their Ground, and opening their Battalions to the Right and Left, made way for their Archers; which ſo terribly gall'd the *Spaniard*, that they could not abide it: *Gonſalvo* Rallied his Men, and Charged them the ſecond and third time; and, at laſt, ſurrounded them on all ſides: But *Gonſalvo*, moved with Compaſſion to ſee ſo many Gallant Men knocked on the Head, commanded Quarter to be given to all: The *Arabians* laid down their Arms, and came flocking about him, to admire his Clemency, after having felt the ſmart of his Valour. Then likewiſe came the King of *Leon* up to *Gonſalvo*, and gave him all the Praise that was due to his Courage. They underſtood that King *Abderame* was Retreated during the Shock, and was gotten into *Almaras*.

The Glory which *Gonſalvo* acquired in this Dayes Action, might have given him cauſe to rejoyce; but he felt no other, than Grief of having ſurvived it, and not to meet with *Alamire*.

He understood afterwards, by some of the Prisoners, that this Prince was not in the Army; that he commanded the Reinforcement, which the Enemy expected; and, that it was the Hope of this Succour, that made them endeavour to avoid coming to a Battle.

But the *Arabians*, having Rallied a part of their Army, and being Re-inforced by the Addition of those Succours which *Alamire* brought to them, and lying under the Walls of a strong City; the King of *Leon* could hope for no other Advantage by his late Victory, but the Glory of having gained it. Nevertheless, *Abderame*, under pretence of Burying the Dead, desired a Truce for some few dayes, with designe to Commence a Treaty of Peace.

During the time of this Cessation, *Gonsalvo* passing from one Quarter of the Army to another, saw upon a little Emmence, two of the Enemies Horse-men, defending themselves against a good number of the *Spanish* Cavalry, who by their multitude, were upon the point of destroying them: He was amazed to see this Combat, during the Truce, at so much inequality: He sent some of his Guards, with all speed, to interpose, and to know the reason of this: They brought him back word,
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that these two *Arabian* Horse-men had endeavour'd to pass their outmost Guards, that the Centries were rude in stopping them; that they drew their Swords thereupon; and that the rest of the Guard fell upon them. *Gonsalvo* sent an Officer to beg these two Cavaliers excuse, and to conduct them whither they desired to go, beyond all the Guards: This done, he continued his way, visiting all the Quarters as he went towards the Kings; so that, it was late before he came back. The next Morning, the Officer that was sent to Conduct the two *Arabians*, came to him, and told him, That one of those whom they Conducted, gave him in charge to tell him, That he was sorry, that an important Affair, which concerned not the War, hinder'd him from coming to return him Thanks; and that he was willing he should understand, that it was the Prince *Alamire*, that owed him his Life. When *Gonsalvo* heard the Name of *Alamire*, and believed, that this Rival, whom he had so great a mind to seek all over the World, even when he did not so much as know his Name, nor his Country, was then passed through his Camp, & in his own sight, without all doubt, to go to find out *Zayde*; he was in a maze; all he had power to do, was only

ly to ask, which way he steer'd his Course? Being told, towards *Talavera*; he dismissed all that were in his Tent; and remain'd alone full of despair, for not having known that it was *Alamire*.

How? He has not only escaped my Fury and Revenge, but I must likewise open him the way to go see *Zayde*! This moment he sees her; he is with her; he tells her by whose means he has pass'd through this Camp: It was only to insult over me, and up-braid me with my Misfortunes, that he sent me back word, that he was *Alamire*: But may be, he may not long Regale himself at the Expence of my Misfortunes; and I will so lace my grief, with the pleasure of being Reveng'd.

He resolves at that very instant, to steal out of the Camp, and to go to *Talavera*; by his Presence, to interrupt *Alamire*, and *Zayde's* Interview, and take away his Rival's Life, or dye before the Princesses Eyes. As he was musing how to execute his Designe, News was brought him, That some of the Enemies Troops appeared not far off of the Camp, and that the King Commanded he should go to discover them; he was forced to obey, and to defer the Execution of his Purpose: He got a Horse-
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back; and after he had Rid a little way, word was brought him, as he came out of a Wood, that they were only some few *Arabians*, that came from Conducting a Convoy. He commanded the Cavalry that were with him, to return to the Camp; and followed by a few of his Servants, he Rid on slowly, on purpose to stay in the Wood until his Cavalry were at some distance, that he might directly go undiscover'd to *Talavera*. Being in the middle of a great Walk, he met with an *Arabian* Cavalier, of an excellent Presence and Mien, that came sadly along that way: Those that were with *Gonsalvo*, by accident, pronounced his Name; at the sound of which, this Cavalier, that seemed plunged in some serious and deep study, came to himself; and asked them, if he that Rid before alone, were *Gonsalvo*? As soon as they answered, It was: I shall be glad (said he, loud enough to be heard by *Gonsalvo*) to see a Man of so extraordinary a Merit, and to thank him for the Favours I have received from him: With this he advances towards *Gonsalvo*, lifting up the Beavoir of his Helmet to Salute him: But so soon as he had view'd his Face, he cry'd out, O Gods! Is it possible, this should be *Gonsalvo*? And looking
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stedfastly upon him, he remained without Motion, like a Man that had been Planet-struck, and divided within himself, with very different Imaginations: After remaining thus for some time; *Alamire* (cryed he of a suddain) must not let him live for whom *Zayde* is design'd, or for whom she reserves her self. *Gonsalvo*, who appear'd astonisht at this Strangers first Words and Action; and who, nevertheless, expected the Event with a great Calmness, was likewise struck with an Extraordinary Amazement, when he heard the Names of *Zayde*, and *Alamire*; and saw before him this formidable Rival, whom he was going to find out with so much Hatred, and desire of Revenge. I know not (replyed he) whether *Zayde* be designed for me; but if you be the Prince of *Tharsus*, as you make me believe you are, you must not hope to possess her but by my Death: Nor you, but by mine, answered *Alamire*; and your words too clearly inform me, that you are the Person, that causes my Misfortune. *Gonsalvo* heard but confusedly these last Words: He went back some Paces, and with-held his impatience to Fight, only to hinder that their Combat might not be interrupted; He commanded those that followed,

to go further off ; but with such an Authority, that they durst not disobey : But they with all speed, Rid after the Party that left *Gonsalvo*, to call back some of the principal Officers of the Army, who could not yet be far gone from them. In the mean time, *Gonsalvo* and *Alamire* began a Combat ; where Courage and Resolution made appear all that could be *Heroick* and *Wonderful* : *Alamire* was wounded in so many Places, that his Strength begun to fail him ; and though *Gonsalvo* was so too, the Prospect of an approaching Victory, supplied the Defects of his Ability with new Vigour which made him Master of this Princes Life. The King, who by chance was not far from this Wood, drawn thither by the Noise and Out-cries of those that *Gonsalvo* Commanded away, arrived in this place, and separated the Combatants : He understood by *Alamire*'s Squire, who came in at that instant, his Master's Name ; and *Gonsalvo* seeing *Alamire* bleed in great abundance, gave order to help him.

If the King had followed the first Impulse of his angry Thoughts, he had given contrary Orders ; but he contented himself with the Command, that the Prince of *Tharsus* should be forth-coming, and turn'd all his care towards the Preservation

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of his Favourite. He caused him to be carried to the Camp; *Alamire* was not in a Condition to be carried so far, but was brought to a Castle that was not far off. As soon as *Gonsalvo* was arrived, the King desired to know what the Physicians thought of his Wounds: They assured him, there was no danger of his Life. *Don Garcias* would not leave him, until he had known from his own Mouth, the occasion of this Fight. *Gonsalvo*, who had nothing in reserve from the King, told him the whole Truth: The King being apprehensive, that too long a Discourse would be hurtful to *Gonsalvo's* Health, would have left him to take his Rest: But *Gonsalvo*, holding him, said; Leave me not, Sir, to the disorder and confusion of my Thoughts; Help me to dis-intangle my self from the new Trouble, which the Actions, and the Words of *Alamire* has put me into: He met me without seeming to look for me; He accosts me like one that would Complement and Thank me; and of a sudden, I see him surpriz'd, troubl'd, and ready to draw upon me: What could he learn in seeing me? Who made him alter his Intentions? Who made him fancy, that *Zadye* was destin'd for me, either by *Zulema*, or by her self? He could not

know from any but her self, that I was his Rival: And if she has given him an account of my Love, it was not to make him fear my Pretensions: He also knows very well, that she is not destin'd for me by *Zulema*, who knows me not, who is ignorant of my Passion for his Daughter, and whose Religion is opposite to mine. Wherefore, upon what are his Words grounded? and, by what reason should my Countenance provoke his Anger, rather than my Name? It is hard, my dear *Gonsalvo* (answer'd the King) to dive into this Mysterious Adventure: I think seriously of it, but cannot find any satisfactory Reason: Is it not perhaps (said he, of a suddain) for having seen you in *Alphonso's* Solitude, when you went by the Name of *Theodoric*, and so, knew you again by your Countenance, to be his Rival? Ah Sir (replied *Gonsalvo*!) that Thought came into my Imagination too; I found it so funestous to me, that I cannot fancy it to be that: Can it possible be, that *Alamire* could be hidden in that Desert? Or, Can it possible happen, That the Joy which appeared sometimes to me to be in *Zaydes* Eyes, and which caused all my Happiness, was only the Remains of what the sight of *Alamire* had produced in them? But Sir,

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continued he, I scarce ever was from her; I should have seen this Prince, if he had ever come to *Alphonso's*: More-over, this Princess knows who I am; he comes now from her; there is no doubt, but that she has told him; and so, must needs have known *Gonsalvo* to be the Lover of *Zayde*, when he met me. I cannot comprehend what should cause so suddain a Change; and I find nothing but Impossibilities in all that I can imagine. Are you sure (said the King) that *Alamire* has seen *Zayde*? He pass'd thorow our Camp Yester-day very late; You met him this Morning; It seems to me hard to believe, that he was at *Talavera*, and came back in so short a time: But, it is no hard matter to know the Truth of this; for, two of my Officers have assur'd me, that they lay last Night where this Prince did; and we shall know from them, where they met him. The King commanded these Officers to be sent for presently; and when they were come, he asked them, in what Place, and what Time they met with *Alamire*.

One of these Officers made Answer; Sir, We were coming Yester-day from *Ariobisbe* whither we were sent; we made a Halt in the Evening in a great Wood, that

that is three or four Leagues from the Camp; we lighted, and lay down to sleep in this Wood: I over-heard a Noise that waked me; I saw at a distance (thorow the Trees) this *Arabian* Prince speaking to a Lady that was Magnificiently Dress'd: This Lady, after a long Conference, left him, and came to sit down by another Lady, not far from the Place where I lay: They spoke loud enough; but I could not understand what they said, because they spoke a Language that I knew not, and which is not the same that the *Arabians* use: They named *Alamire* divers times; and, tho their Backs were turn'd so to me, that I could not see their Faces; yet my thought, that she who spake to *Alamire*, wept bitterly. After this, they went away: I heard Waggons, and a great Noise of Horses going towards *Talavera*: I awaked my Comrade, and pursued our Way: We saw *Alamire* at a distance, lying under a Tree, as if he had been indisposed; his Squire asked me, whether they could reach the Camp of the *Arabians* by Day-light? I told them, they could not; so they came, and lodged in the same Village where we lay.

The King repented him to have examin'd these Officers: As soon as they were gone,

gone, *Gonsalvo* said; You see, Sir, whether I was in the wrong to believe, that *Alamire* had seen *Zayde*. But, can you imagine, that it was possible (said the King) for her to come out of the Town, being she is a Prisoner? My ill Fate (Replied *Gonsalvo*) never lets me fail of any thing that can prejudice me: I gave order at my coming away, That *Zayde* might have the Liberty of going out of the Town to take the Aire, as often as she would: She expected *Alamire* in these Woods: He had reason to send me word, That an Affair of Importance, that concerned not the War, hinder'd him to make any stay in this Camp. He has seen her then Yesterday; She wept when he was gone: It is true then, that *Zayde* is in Love with *Alamire*; and now I am no longer in doubt. Leave me Sir! Cast off your Care of a Man, that is too much persecuted by ill Fortune, to deserve your Esteem: I am ashamed to be prized and beloved by you, being so Wretched.

Don Garcias was sensibly touched at the Condition *Gonsalvo* was in, and endeavoured to comfort him by the Assurances he gave him of his Affection and Friendship.

The next Day, word was brought, that the Prince of *Tharsus*, his Wounds were very dangerous; his Feaver was so violent the ensuing Dayes, that there was little hopes of his Recovery. *Gonsalvo* imagin'd, that as soon as *Zayde* should come to know the danger this Prince was in, she would send to know how he did: He gave order to one of his Servants, in whom he confided, to go every day to the Castle where *Alamire* was kept, to discover whether any came to try if they could see him: He would fain have known, likewise, Whether there were any of that Resemblance betwixt them, which caused in him so much Curiosity: But the Extremity, to which this Prince was reduced, hinder'd all Discoveries of that Nature; few or none of the Features of his Face being now distinguishable.

He that was commanded to go to the Castle, acquitted himself of his Commission with Industry: For, he told *Gonsalvo*, That since *Alamire* had been there, none had desired to see him; but that certain People, whom he knew not, came every day to know the state of his Health, without telling who sent them. Although *Gonsalvo* doubted no longer of *Zaydes* Love to *Alamire*; yet every little Circumstance that

that assured him of it, gave him new trouble and disquiet: the King came into his Tent, as he was agitated with the fresh Affliction he had received; and apprehending that so many Displeasures would hazard his Life, he forbid all those that came about him, to speak to him of *Alamire*, or the Princess *Zayde*.

In the mean while, the Truce was ended, and the two Armies fell to Action: *Abderame* Besieged a little Place, where he expected no great Resistance, by reason of the Inconsiderableness and Weakness of the Place: But it happened, that the Prince of *Gallicia*, nearly related to *Don Garcias*, who by chance was carried to this Place, the more commodiously to be cured of some Wounds he had received in the last Battle, undertook the Defence of it, with more Rashness than Courage: At which, *Abderame* was so enraged, that, as soon as the Town was surrender'd, he caus'd his Head to be struck off. It was not the first time that the *Moors* abused their Victories, and treated the bravest of the Nobility of *Spain*, with a barbarous & unparallel'd Inhumanity. *Don Garcias* was extremely incensed at the News of the Death of the Prince of *Gallicia*: The *Spanish* Army was no less; they lov'd the Prince; and, already

think, that *Gonsalvo* was ignorant of what had been done; nevertheless, he informed him in few words, of the whole Matter. *Gonsalvo* Read the Letter which *Don Olmond* had inclosed, which contained these Words:

The LETTER of
FELIME to *Don Olmond*.

YOU have a great Power with *Gonsalvo*; order it so, that he preserve the Life of *Alamire* from the King of *Leon's* Fury. In securing him from the Death which is intended him, he will not save his Life; his wounds will soon bereave him of that. And *Gonsalvo* is already sufficiently Revenged of this wretched Prince, since we are obliged to have Recourse to him for his Preservation. I conjure you, to use all your Interest in this Matter: You will save more than one Life, in saving *Alamires*.

Ah *Zayde*, cryed *Gonsalvo*! *Felime* do's but write by your Order: And you command me by this Letter, to preserve your *Alamire*: How Inhumane is your Cruelty? To what Extreames do you reduce me? Are not my Misfortunes great enough?
Must

Must I be obliged more-over, to labor for his Preservation, that creates them? Must I oppose the King's Pleasure? His Resolution is just: He has been driven to it against his Inclination: I had no share in it: I ought to let *Alamire* perish, though I were ignorant of his being my Rival, and being beloved of *Zayde*; But I know it: And this Reason, as Cruel as it is, will not let me consent to his Ruin. What kind of Law is this that I impose upon myself? What manner of Generosity is it, that obliges me to save *Alamire*? Is it because I know he robs me of *Zayde*, that I must save his Life? Ought I to pretend, that the King in granting me this Request, should expose himself to the hazard of making his Army Revolt? Shall I forsake the Interests of Don *Garcias*, to tear from my own Heart, those sweet Hopes with which the Death of *Alamire* flatters me? This only Man stands betwixt me and *Zayde*; and, how-ever she may be prepossess'd in his Favour; if she were never more to see him, I might promise my self to be Happy.

After these Words, he remain'd a great while, as it were, buryed in a profound Silence: At last, he starts up of a suddain; and, though he was extream weak, he

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ready weary of so many Cruelties, for which no publick Satisfaction was made or required; they came in Troops, to Petition the King, that *Alamire* might be used as the *Moors* had done the Prince of *Gallicia*. The King consented to their Desires; because it was dangerous to refuse to please an Army so much incensed. He sent word to the King of *Cordova*, That he would cause the Prince of *Tharsus* his Head to be cut off, so soon as he should be in a better condition of Health; and that his Wounds would permit him to be made a Publick Example of, without leaving Cause to report, that he had only hasten'd his End.

Gonsalvo, by the King's Order, was ignorant of what had been transacted, touching *Alamire*. Some Dayes after, they brought him word, that a Gentleman belonging to Don *Olmond*, desired to see him: He order'd him to be admitted. This Gentleman, after having told him, That his Master was extreemly troubled, that the King's Order did detain him at *Baragel*, and hinder'd him from coming in Person, to ask him how he did, gave him several Pacquets. *Gonsalvo* open'd that which was addressed to him, and read in it these Words.

The LETTER of
DON OLMOND
 TO
DON GONSALVO.

IF I were not well assured of the Inclination you have to do great Actions, I would not send you the Inclosed; and should believe it to no purpose, to intreat you in the behalf of your Enemy: But I am too well acquainted with your generous Soul, to doubt of your kind Entertaining the Request I am desir'd to make to you. However just it may appear to treat the Prince of Tharsus, as the Prince of Galicia has been us'd; it will become you to preserve a Man of the Merit and Quality of Alamire: I think, more-over, you ought to allow some Pity to a Passion that is not altogether unknown to you.

The Name of Alamire, and the last Words of this Letter, caused a very great Disorder in Gonsalvo: He asked the Gentleman, What his Master meant, by what he writ concerning the Prince of Galicia? Although this Gentleman ought not to think

think, that *Gonsalvo* was ignorant of what had been done; nevertheless, he informed him in few words, of the whole Matter. *Gonsalvo* Read the Letter which *Don Olmond* had inclosed, which contained these Words:

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caused himself to be carryed to the King's Tent: This Prince was strangely surprized when he saw him, and more when he understood what he came to ask.

Sir, said *Gonsalvo*, if you have any kindness for me, be pleased to grant me *Alamire's* Life: I cannot live if you make him dye. What is this you say *Gonsalvo*, replied the King? By what Accident do's the Life of the Man that makes you miserable, become so necessary to your Quiet? *Zady* Sir, commands me (said he) to preserve it; I must endeavour to answer the good Opinion she has conceived of me: She knows I Adore her, and ought to hate this Prince; and yet she has so much Confidence in me, that she believes me so far from consenting to his Death, that I will endeavour to save him from the Death that is intended him. She is willing to owe me the Life of her Lover; I beg it of you, by all your Goodness. I must not hear (said the King) such Desires, which a blind kind of Generosity inspires, and a Passion that leaves you not the use of your Reason: I must Act pursuant to my own Interest and yours. The Prince of *Tharsus* must dye, to teach the King of *Cordona*, to make better use of the Law of Arms; and to appease my Troops, which
are

A Romance.

51

are ready to Mutiny: He must dye likewise, to leave you sole Possessor of *Zayde*, and to hinder him from disturbing your Quiet hereafter. Ah Sir! shall I find any Quiet (replied *Gonsalvo*) in seeing *Zayde* displeased with me? and in despair for the Death of her Lover? I must think no more of disputing *Zayde* with *Alamire*, whether he lives or dyes; I must not render my self worthy of the ill usage of Fortune, by an unreasonable Obstinacy: I will make *Zayde* pity me, since she could not love me; nor will I leave it in her Power, either to despise or hate me. Take time (said the King) to examine what it is you ask me; and consider with your self, whether you ought to desire it. No Sir (replied *Gonsalvo*) I will not have the leisure to change my Opinion; nor to be exposed to oppose a second time, those vain and flattering Hopes, which the thought of *Alamire's* Death has already given me; nor would I give *Zayde* room to believe, that I was any way irresolute in the Choise I make: And I beg of you the Favour, to declare even now, That you have granted me this Princes Life. I do promise you (replied the King) to leave him to your Disposall; But you must conceal it yet a while from the Knowledge

of the World. You know our Designe upon *Oropeſe*; the Inhabitants are this Night to open us the Gates; If the Enterprize ſucceeds, the Joy of the happy Succeſs, may perhaps diſpoſe the Army to milder Thoughts: *Felime* will be in our Power; know of her, whether *Alamire* be beloved of *Zayde*: Dive into the Secrets of your Deſtiny, before you decide the Fate of this Prince; and put your ſelf into a Condition of taking ſuch Reſolutions, whereof you may not Repent hereafter. But Sir, perhaps *Felime* may not be willing to diſcover the Sentiments of *Zayde* to me. To oblige her to it (interrupted the King) ſend word to Don *Olmond*, that you will not undertake what ſhe deſires, unleſs you know the true Reaſons why ſhe is ſo much concerned for the Preſervation of *Alamire*. It is Don *Olmond*, that is ordered to enter *Oropeſe*; and you will know by him, all that concerns you to learn. I ſubmit, Sir, (answered *Gonſalvo*) upon Condition, that you will permit me to oblige the Army, to come of themſelves to you, to beg *Alamire*'s Life, at the ſame time, that the News of the taking *Oropeſe* is Publiſhed: And as *Felime* ſhall be our Priſoner, Don *Olmond* may conceal from her the Grace you intend,

tend, until she has discovered all that concerns this Prince. *Zayde* shall know, that I have obeyed her Commands, at that very instant, that I received them; and she shall judge by this blind Obedience, that if I renounce the Pretensions I had to her Affections, I was not unworthy to possess them.

The King granted all that *Don Gonsalvo* desired; but, at the same time, commanded him to write to *Don Olmond* about what they had resolved: The King spent part of the Night with his Favourite, who began to sink under the Violence he had used against himself, in sacrificing to an exact Generosity (from which he expected no Advantage) all the Hopes of a Passion, which possess'd his whole Heart.

The next Day, *Don Garcias* received Letters of the Prosperous Success of their Enterprize upon *Oropese*; he sent the News of it to *Gonsalvo*; and, at the same time, sent him word, that he gave him Liberty to use his Endeavours for the saving of *Alamire's* Life. *Gonsalvo* caused himself to be carryed into the Camp, with the same Alacrity and Earnestness of Mind, as if the Success of his Undertaking were to assure the Conquest of *Zayde*: And with

the same Countenance, and the same Voyce, which he so often had made use of, to inspire Courage into his Souldiers, to follow him to Victory, shewed them what a shame they went about to cause him, in desiring to take away a Princes Life, who had not been in their Power, but for his ingaging with him: He told them, That by this Death (of which he should ever be thought the Author) they made him lose all the Honour he had won with them in so many Battles: That he was at that instant, going to the King, to lay down his Commission, and the Command he had of the Army, in order to his Departure out of *Spain*: That he left it to their Choyce, either to be Witnesses of his taking his leave of the King; or else, to go at that instant, and beg *Alamire's* Life. Scarce did the Souldiers give him leave to make an end of his Speech; but thronging about him (as it were), to hinder him from going away, followed him to Don *Garcias* his Tent; so animated by the General's Words, that it seem'd now as dangerous to refuse them *Alamire's* Life, as some Days past not to grant them his Death.

In the mean time, Don *Olmond*, amidst so many Troubles he had in the settling a Town newly taken, bethought him of
Gonsalvo

Gonsalvo, whose Interest requir'd he should entertain *Felime*: He sent to desire leave to speak to her, with the same Respect, as if the Law of Arms had not given him a free and full Disposal of her: He found her in a deep Melancholly, for, what happen'd that Day, as well as a great Fit of Sickness, which her Mother had for some time, seem'd the Causes thereof.

So soon as they could talk without being heard; Well (said she) Don *Olmond*, Have you prevail'd with Don *Gonsalvo*, to save *Alamire's* Life? Madam (answered he,) that Princes Destiny is in your Hands. In my Hands, cryed she? Alas, by what Accident can it be in my Power to do any thing, that may preserve him? Ple secure you his Life, replied he: But to make me able to keep my Word; you must inform me of the Reasons that move you so eagerly to work his safety: You must tell it to me truly, with all the Circumstances, and every thing you know concerning this Prince. Ah, Don *Olmond* (replyed she!) what is this you ask me? At this, she remain'd silent for a while; then, of a suddain, said; Do not you know, that he is *Osmin* and *Zulema's* near Kins-man? That we have been acquainted with him a great while? That he is

a Person of extraordinary Merit? Is not this enough to make me concern'd for his Life? But, Madam, (replyed Don *Olmond*), the concern you have for his Safety, has other more pressing Reasons: If you think it too much trouble to let me know it, you are free to let it alone; but you must be content to free me from the Engagement I gave you. How Don *Olmond* (said she?) Must this be the Ransom of *Alamire's* Life? What will it avail you, to know what you ask? *I* am sorry, *I* cannot tell you (answered Don *Olmond*): But Madam, once more, *I* cannot do any thing for him, but upon these Terms: All is left to your Choice. *Felime* remain'd a good while, with her Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, in so profound a silence, that Don *Olmond* wondered at it: At last, taking Courage; *I* am going (said she, to him) to do that thing, which of all things in the World, *I* thought *I* should never have the Power over my self to do: The good Opinion *I* have of you, and the Friendship *I* have for you, help much to confirm me, as well as the Desire *I* have to save *Alamire's* Life. You must keep my Counsel inviolably; and give ear, with Patience, to the Relation *I* am going to make you; which cannot but be tedious to you.

THE

The HISTORY of
ZAIDE and **FELIME**

C*id Rabis* was Brother to *Caliphe Osman*, and might have disputed (by Birth-right) the Empire with him, had he not been so unfortunate, as to be abandoned by all those that gave him Hopes of their Assistance; and thereby, was compelled to renounce his pretension, and consent to be banished into the Isle of *Cyprus*, under colour of being made Commander in Chief there. *Zulema*, and *Osman*, whom you know were his Children; They were Young and Handsome, and had given many Signal Testimonies of their Valour: They both fell in Love with two Women of extraordinary Beauty, and great Quality; who were Sisters, and were descended of a long succession of Princes; Who formerly bare the chief sway in this Island, before it fell under the Command of the *Arabians*: The one was called *Alasinthe*, the other *Belenia*. *Osman* and *Zulema*, being well skild in the *Greek* Tongue, found no difficulty to make themselves to be understood, by these two Ladies, who were Christians; But the difference of their Religion, made none in
their

their inclinations ; They mutually loved passionately : And so soon as the *Cid Rahis*, his death, left them their liberty ; *Zulema* married *Alasinthe*, & *Osmin* married *Belenia* : They consented, that their Children should be brought up in the Christian Religion ; and made them believe, they would be so themselves within a short time. I was born of *Osmin* & *Belenia*, & *Zayde* of *Zulema* and *Alasinthe* : The Passion of *Osmin* and *Zulema* made them continue some years in *Cyprus* : But, at last, the desire they had to find out a favourable Conjunction of renewing the pretensions of their Father, call'd them back into *Affrick* : At first, they conceived great hopes ; For, contrary to the Rules of true Policy, the *Caliphe* that succeeded *Osman*, gave them such considerable Employments, that *Alasinthe* and *Beleny* could not complaine of their being far from them : But after five or six years absence, they began to murmur, and be much afflicted : They found that they were not all this while in the Wars, but had other Occupations : They heard from them sometimes ; but they not coming, made them believe themselves forsaken : *Alasinthe* therefore thought no more of any thing, but of *Zayde*, who even at that age deserved all her Application : And *Belenia* made me the sole object of all her care.

When

When we were pass'd our Infancy, *Alasimthe* and *Belenia* retired into a Castle upon the Sea-side; where they led a Life conformable to their Sadness: The regard, they had for *Zayde* and me, made them live with a Grandure and Magnificence, which perhaps by their own inclinations, they would have been glad to leave. We had divers young people of Quality about us; and there was nothing wanting, that might contribute to our Education, and the Divertisement, that were suitable to the place where we were brought up. *Zayde*, and I, had as great ties of Love and Friendship for each other, as we had of Blood and Affinity. I was two years older than she: There was also some difference in our Humours; Mine was less inclinable to Mirth; it was easie to perceive it in our Conversation: *Zayde* had also a great advantage of Beauty over me.

Some time before the Emperor *Leo* sent to invade *Cyprus*, we were walking by the Sea-side; The Sea was very Calm, there was not a breath of Wind stirring; We pray'd *Alasimthe*, and *Belenia*, to be pleas'd to let us go to Sea in Boats, to divert us. We took divers Young People with us; we made our Barge-men Row towards
some

some great Ships, that were at Anchor in the Road: As we came neer these Vessels, we saw several long Boats put off, whom we judged to be full of *Arabians*, that were going ashore: These Boats Steared towards us; In the first of which, were several persons richly attired; one of which, by his Noble Aire, and the Beauty and Comeliness of his Person, appeared to be somewhat more then any of those that were about him; This Rencontre Surprized us, and made us judge it not fit for us to venture further to Sea; and that we ought not to give, those that were in the other Boats, occasion to believe that our Curiosity to see them, had led us that way: We made our Barge fall off to the Leeward; the Boat we endeavoured to avoid, Tacked after us; but the rest made towards the Shore; The other followed us so neer, that we could perceive the man we remarked above the rest, looking stedfastly upon us; who seemed to take pleasure in following us. *Zayde* was extreemly taken with the Adventure, and caused our Boat to Tack, to see if the other would follow us still. For my part, I was strangely concern'd, without knowing why: I looked earnestly upon him, that seemed the Chief amongst

mongst them ; and considering him at so neer a distance, I found something in his face so fair, and so agreeable, that I thought I had never seen any thing more pleasing in all my life. I told *Zayde*, we must put to shore ; and that, without doubt, when *Alasinthe* and *Belenia* had given us leave to come off, they did not think we should have met with such an Adventure. She was of my opinion ; we rowed towards the shore ! The Boat followed us, got a head of us, and put to shore near the other Boats, that were already landed.

So soon as we touched, we saw him that we had remarked, followed by a great many other, advancing towards us ; and offered us his hand, with an Ayre, that shewed he had already learnt vvho vve vere. *Zaydes* and my astonishment vvvas great ; vve were not used to be accosted vvith so much boldness ; and above all, by *Arabians*, for vvhom we vv ere taught an extreme aversion : We believed, that he vvould be surprized, vvhen he should find, that vve did not understand his Language ; but vve vv ere more our selves, vvhen vve found that he Spoke ours vvith the same exactness, and Eloquence, vvich the ancient *Greeks* used in former times.

I know Madam (said he, to *Zayde*, who went before) that an *Arabian* should not be so bold as to approach your Presence, without first asking your leave; But I believe, that what would be thought a crime in another, is pardonable in a man that has the honour, to be allied to the Princes *Zulema*, and *Osmin*. Being Curious to see what was most remarkable in Greece, I thought, I could not satisfy that Curiosity better, than in beginning with the Isle of *Cyprus*: And my good fortune made me find at my first Arrival in it, that which I should have sought in vain, in all the other parts of the World.

In saying these words, he fixed his eyes sometimes upon *Zayde*, and sometimes upon me, with such demonstrations of a true Admiration, that we could hardly doubt, but that he really thought, what he said to us. I know not whether I was already prepossessed, or whether it was the solitude of the place where we lived, that made me think this Adventure very agreeable; But I must confess, that I never saw any thing so surprising. *Alasimbe* and *Belenia*, who were at some distance from us advanced towards us; and sent before, to know the Name of this new-come Stranger: They were informed, that it
was

vvas *Alamire* Prince, of *Tharsus*, Son to that *Alamire*, vvho assumed the Title of *Calyphe*, and vvwhose power vvas so terrible to the Christians: They knevv the affinity that vvas betwixt this Prince and *Zulema*; So that, the respect vvwhich vvas due to his Birth, together with the desire of hearing from them, made them receive him with a lesse Aversion, than they used to have for the *Arabians*. *Alamire* by his words, increased the disposition they had to receive him more favourably: He spoke to them of *Zulema*, and *Osmin*, whom he had seen a little before his Departure; and blamed them for being Capable of abandoning two Persons so worthy of their Love. Their Conversation was so long upon the Sea-side, and *Alamire* appeared so agreeable, even in the eyes of *Alasimbe*, and *Belenia*, that contrary to the Resolution they had taken of avoiding the company of all strangers, they could not avoid offering him Lodgings in their Habitation. *Alamire* told them, that although, he knew that Civility ought to forbid him, accepting the offer they made him; yet that he could not reject it, because he would not deprive himself of the pleasure he took, in being Conuersant with persons that had given him so much Admiration: Wherefore he walked along

long with us, and presented to us a person, for whom he shewed much esteem; whose name was *Mulziman*. All that evening, *Alamire* continued to confirme us in the esteem, we at first conceived of him. I was every Moment so astonished at the pleasantness of his wit, and gracefulness of his person; And this astonishment was so powerfull upon me, that I might well even then Judge, there was something more in it, then a bare Surprize; Me thought he viewed me with a great deal of attention, and gave me Commendations that made me think, that my person was at least as pleasing to him as *Zaydes*.

The next day, instead of going away, as in all likelihood he should have done, he engaged *Alasinthe*, and *Belenia*, to pray him to stay. He sent for very fine Horses, which he had brought with him, and caused them to be rid by several of his People; and rid them himself with that grace, and dexterity, which is particular to those of his Nation; He found pretences to stay three or four dayes with us; and wrought so upon *Alasinthe*, and *Belenia*, that they consented to admit his visits, during his abode in *Cyprus*. At his going from us, he told me, that if his presence had been troublesome to me, or should be
for

for the future, I must blame my self alone for it ; Nevertheless I had taken notice, that his looks were often upon *Zayde* ; And I observed likewise that his eyes, were as often fixed upon me, after a manner which appeared so natural to me, that joyning the Language of his Eyes, with many things which he had said to me, I remained convinced, that I had made some impressions upon his heart. O Gods ! How deep were those he made upon mine : As soon as he was out of my sight, I felt a sadness that was utterly unknown to me ; I quitted *Zaydes* company ; I went dreaming about ; my thoughts were confused ; I was weary of my self : I came again to find *Zayde*, and my thoughts it was onely, that I might speak to her of *Alamire* ; I found her busy with her Maids, making Garlands of Flowers : And she seemed to me as unconcerned, as if she never had seen this Prince ; I felt a kind of a Mazement at her being so busy with her Flowers, and found my self so little disposed to amuse my self with them, that I snatched them from her whether she would or no. We went to walk ; I talked to her of *Alamire* ; I told her, that I saw him look very much upon her ; she made answer, that she did not observe it ; I endeavoured to find out

whether she had taken notice of the inclination which he professed for me ; but I found, she had not so much as a thought of it ; And I remained so astonished, and so confounded to see the different Effects, which the sight of *Alamire* had upon *Zayde*, from those it had wrought upon me, that I blamed my self, and used such reproaches against my self, as were already but too just.

Some days after, he came to see us ; at a time, when *Alasinthe* and *Beleny* were gone abroad, and were not to return untill night ; *Alamire* appeared to me more Lovely than ever ; and as *Zayde* was not present, it was my Misfortune to see him, when there was nothing that could divert his attention from looking upon me ; and made me so many protestations of his love, that the inclination I had for him, perswaded me that I was as acceptable and pleasing to him, as he was to me ; He took his leave of me before the hour that *Zayde* was to return, after such a manner, that I flattered my self with the opinion, that he had no thoughts of seeing her ; she returned a great while after, and I was surprized when *Alasinthe* told me that they met him very neer the Castle, and that he came back to conduct them to the Castle Gate ; I fancied by the space of time, since

since he left me, he should have been farther off than they said; and that if he had not waited for them, he could not have met them, This thought gave me some disquiet; Nevertheless I did attribute their meeting, to Chance rather than any thing else, yet I was in greater impatience to see *Alamire* again, then ever I had felt before. He came some dayes after to bring *Alasimthe* the news of the Warr the Emperor *Leo* Designed to make against *Cyprus*. And this news that was of such Consequence, served him as a pretence to come more often to see us; And as often as he came, he still made the same protestations of love to me, as formerly; I had need of all my reason to conceal from him the Disposition of mind in which I was towards him; and perhaps all my reason would have been too weak, if the Concern I saw he had sometimes for *Zoyde* did not help to retain me, for all that I attributed what I saw him do to please her, onely to his innate Civility: and he had addresse enough, to hide from me what might give me other thoughts.

We had intelligence that the Emperors Fleet was in sight of our Coasts; *Alamire* perswaded *Alasimthe*, and *Beleny* to leave the place we were in; Although our Religion

gave us no Apprehension of the Emperors forces; yet the Alliance we had with the *Arabians*, and the apprehensions we had of the disorders, which attends upon War, obliged us to follow *Alamire's* Counsels, and remove to *Famagosta*; I was very glad of it, both because I thought I should be in the same place with *Alamire*, and that *Zayde* and I should be no longer Lodged together: Her Beauty was so dreadfull to me, that I was glad to be where *Alamire* might see me, without seeing her. I believed, I should be fully satisfied of his intentions towards me, and should see whether I ought to abandon my self to the inclination I had for him; but my heart was no longer in my power: I am perswaded neverthelesse, that if I had been then as well informed of *Alamires* humours as I have been since, I might have defended my self against the inclination which drew me to Love him: But as I knew onely the agreeable, and charming qualifications of his Wit and Person, together with the Passion he pretended for me, it was hard for me to resist an inclination, which was so violent and so natural.

The day we arrived at *Famagosta*, he came to meet us; *Zayde* was that day so Charmingly Beautifull, that she appeared in the eyes

eyes of *Alamire*, what he appeared in mine; That is to say, the only person, that can please; *I* perceived the extraordinary care he took to view her attentively. When we were arrived, *Alasinthe* and *Beleny* separated; *Alamire* followed *Zayde*, without so much as pretending an excuse to leave me; *I* remained struck with the sharpest grief *I* ever felt; *I* knew by the violence thereof, the true Passion *I* had for this Prince, and this knowledge increased my sadness: *I* now saw the Horrible Misfortune, *I* was fallen into by my own fault; but after having afflicted my self for a long time, *I* saw some beams of hope still: *I* Flattered my self, as all those that are in Love do; and *I* fancied that some Reasons, unknown to me, might occasion what displeased me; *I* was not long fed with this weak hope: *Alamire* for a while would have us believe, that he lov'd us both; that he might determine afterwards, according to the usage he received, to whom he should stick: But the Beauty of *Zayde*, without the succour of hope, carried it; Nay, he had forgotten, that he had ever endeavoured to perswade me to believe that he had a kindness for me: He seldom or never came to see me after; or if he did, it was to

follow *Zayde*; he loved her with an extraordinary passion. In fine, I saw him in that condition for her, as I should have been for him if decency would have permitted me to shew my sentiments for him.

I know not, whether it be necessary, for me to tell you what I suffered, and the various impulses that perplexed my heart; I could not endure to see him with *Zayde*, and to see him so Amorous of her; and of the other side, I could not live without him; I had rather see him with *Zayde*, than not to see him at all; In the mean while, what he did to gain her esteem instead of lessening my Passion, raised it to the highest pitch: All his words, and all his Actions were so adapted to my fancy, that if I could inspire a conduct into those that should desire to please me, it should be that which *Alamire* used towards *Zayde*. It is true, that it is so dangerous a matter to see Love made, that it inflames even those to whom it makes no tenders nor addresses; *Zayde* gave me an account of his thoughts for her, and her aversion for him; when she spoke to me after that manner of him, I was sometimes ready to discover to her the disposition I was in, to engage her by this confession not to suffer the continuation of this Princes love, but I was fearfull of making

making him appear more lovely to her, by showing how much he was beloved; yet I set my self a Rule not to render any ill offices to *Alamire*; I was so sensible of the Horrible Misfortune of not being loved again, that I resolved not to contribute to his feeling of it, whom I so passionately loved; and perhaps, it was the little propensity I saw in *Zayde* towards him, that made me stedfast to that resolution.

The Emperors Troops were so considerable, that there was no doubt made but that *Cyprus* would quickly fall into his hands: upon the noise of this invasion *Zulema*, and *Osmin* awakened out of their profound Oblivion, in which they had so long continued; the *Caliphe* began to be afraid of them, and seemed to be resolved to send them further off, they prevented him by desiring him to give them the command of those forces, which he intended for the relief of *Cyprus*; and we saw them arrived, when we least expected them; this was a sensible joy for *Alasimthe* and *Beleny*, and it would have been so for me, if I had been capable of it; but I was oppressed with sorrow, and the Arrival of *Zulema* gave me new apprehensions, fearing he should favour *Alamires* designs. My fears were not with-

out cause, *Zulema*, who by his long abode in *Affrica*, grew more stubborn and stedfast to his Religion than ever; wished, that *Zayde* would leave hers: He came from *Tunis*, with design to carry her thither, and to marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, of the house of *Idris*: But the Prince of *Tharfus*, appeared so deserving of his Daughter, that he approved of his passion for her: I saw then a necessity of endeavouring to hinder, that *Zayde* should not love *Alamire*; it being the only thing I apprehended most in the world, to see him happy by her means.

This Princes passion was grown so violent, that all that knew him were amazed at it. *Mulziman*, of whom I spoke to you, whom I entertained sometimes because *Alamire* had a kindness for him, seemed to me so astonished at it, that I concluded that this Prince never until then, had been susceptible of a Passion so strange and lasting. *Alamire* made *Zulema* understand the intentions he had for his Daughter; and *Zulema* acquainted *Zayde*, with the desire he had she should Marry *Alamire*: As soon as she was told of the thing she most apprehended, she came to tell me of it, with such marks of disquiet, that, I confess, I was puzzled to comprehend the reason of her

her Affliction for being design'd to spend her Days with *Alamire*. This unfaithful Man had so thoroughly forgotten those Protestations he had made me, that being informed by *Zulema*, of the Aversion which *Zayde* had for him, he came to make his moan to me, and to implore my Assistance. All my Reason, and my Resolution, were scarce strong enough to contain me; I felt such a conflict and agitation of Mind, that he might easily have perceived it, if he had not been prepossess'd with the same Passion that disorder'd me. At last, after a silence, which but two plainly spoke my mind; I told him, I wonder'd much at *Zaydes* Resistance against *Zulema's* Will; but I am the most unfit Person in the World to make her change her Opinion. I should speak against my own Judgment; and besides, the misfortune of being tied to one of your Nation, is so well known to me, that I cannot persuade *Zayde* to expose her self to it. *Belenia*, has too well informed me ever since I was capable of knowing any thing; and I believe *Alasinthe* has so thoroughly instructed her Daughter, that it will not be easie to make her Consent to what you desire; and for my part, I assure you once more, that I am the unfittest Person in the World to undertake it. *Alamire*

Alamire was out of his Wits, to find me so indispos'd to favour him; yet he was in hopes to win upon me, by letting me see his Affliction, and the violence of his Passion for *Zayde*. I was in despair, to hear what he said upon this occasion; and yet I could not but pity him, through the Conformity that was betwixt our Misfortunes: All my Thoughts were distracted: The Aversion which *Zayde* shew'd for him, gave me some Joy, by the Sweetness of Revenge, which I tasted plentifully: And yet my Glory was offended, to see one that I so much Adored, thus despised.

I resolv'd to tell *Zayde* the State of my Heart; but before I would do it, I press'd her to consider well with her self; Whether she should alwayes be able to resist the Designe *Zulema* had, of Marrying her to *Alamire*? She told me, There was no Extreimity, which she would not indure, rather than consent to marry a Man so opposite in Religion to hers; and whose Laws permitted him, to take as many Wives as he pleas'd: But, that she believed, that *Zulema* would not compel her; or, if he should endeavour it, that *Alasinthe* would find means to hinder him. What *Zayde* had told me, gave me all the

Joy

Joy imaginable : And I began to endeavour to tell her, what I had resolved to discover to her; but I found more Difficulty and Reluctancy, than I thought. In fine, I over-came all the Oppositions of Pride and Bashfulness; and I told her, with many Tears, the State I was in: She was strangely amazed at it; and she seemed as much concerned at my ill Fate, as I could wish. But why (said she) did you conceal your Thoughts with so much Care, from him that gave them Birth? I do not doubt, but that if he had at first discovered them, he would have Loved you; and I believe, That if he should yet be made sensible of your Inclination for him, the Hope of being Beloved, together, with the ill Usage he receives from me, would quickly make him forsake me; Will not you give me leave (added she, Embracing me) to try to make him conceive, that he ought rather to address himself to you, than to me? Ah *Zayde* (answered I!) Do not rob me of the only thing that hinders me from dying with more Grief; I should not be able to survive *Alamire's* Knowledge of the Concern I have for him; not only the Interest of my Honour would make me inconsolable; but I should be likewise so, by that of my Passion: I might flatter my
self

self with the Hope of being Beloved, if he should know my Inclination to Love him: Yet I know, Love do's not alwayes beget Love: Therefore, I will not deprive my self of that Hope, as weak as it is, since it is the only Comfort I have left me. I gave *Zayde* so many other Reasons, that she was of my Opinion, that *I* ought not to discover my Passion to *Alamire*: *I* found a great Ease, in having open'd my Heart to her, and much Satisfaction in making my moan to her,

The Wars in the mean-time, held on still; though at such a Rate, as was plainly to be seen, that we should not be able to hold out long: All the Country was lost, but *Famagosta*, *Alamire* expos'd himself every Day, with a Valour or a Temerity, that clearly shewed the Despair he was in: *Mulziman* would tell me of it, with an extraordinary Affliction; and he so often hinted to me, the Amazement he was in, to behold *Alamire* so violently passionate of *Zayde*, that *I* could not forbear asking him the Reason; and pressing him to tell me, Whether *Alamire* had never been in Love before he saw *Zayde*? He made some difficulty, to tell me the cause of his Astonishment: But, *I* conjured him so efficaciously, that (at last) he told me the
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Adventures of that Prince. I will not trouble you with the whole Story, because it would be too tedious; But only, what may suffice to let you know *Alamire's* and my Misfortunes.

The HISTORY of
Alamire, Prince of Tharsus.

I Have already acquainted you with *Alamire's* Birth. What I have told you of his Person, and my thoughts of him, ought to perswade you, that he is as worthy of Love as a man, can be: He had likewise, made it his whole Study, from his Youth, to gain the love of all Women: And although the manner of living, of the *Arabian* Women, be directly opposit to Gallantry, *Alamires* addresse, and the pleasure he took in Surmounting difficulties, made all that easie to him, which would have been thought impossible by others. As this Prince was unmarried, and his Religion gave him the liberty to have several Wives; so there was not a Young Lady in *Tharsus*, that did not flatter her self with the hopes of Marrying him. Nor was he sorry to find, that this hope made him to be more favourably used:

used ; But his inclination lead him to no ingagement that he could not break at pleasure. He aimed at nothing but being Beloved ; the pleasure of being in Love was utterly unknown to him : he never had a sincere Passion ; but he was so well Versed in appearing in Love, without being so ; that he perswaded all those, he had thought worthy, of his Love. It is true also, that during the time, he made it his business to please ; the desire of making himself to be Beloved, gave him a kind of Ardour, which might be taken for a real Passion ; but as soon as he saw himself beloved, having nothing more in his desires, and not being enough in Love, to find any Pleasure in Love alone, separated from Difficulties, and Intregues, he thought of nothing more but how to break with those that loved him, and to find out others whom he might draw into the same Engagements.

One of his Favorites called *Selemin*, was privy to all his Amours, and was himself as unconstant ; the *Arabians* do celebrate certain Feasts at certain times of the year ; it is the only time that the Women have any liberty ; they are permitted at those times to go about the Town, and to walk in the publick Gardens ; they assist at
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the solemn Plays, which are shewed sometimes, but always Vail'd: *Alamire* and *Selim* waited with impatience for those Opportunities; they never failed of finding out some new unknown Beauties, and ways of speaking to them, and managing some private Intregues with them.

Upon one of these Feasts, *Alamire* saw a young Widdow called *Naria*, whose Vertue, Beauty, and Riches, were extraordinary, by chance unveiled as she was speaking to one of her Slaves; he was surprized with the Charms of her Beauty; she was a little startled at the sight of this Prince, but could not forbear looking earnestly upon him: which he perceived, he followed her, and made it his business to let her take notice that he did so. In fine, he had seen a Fine Woman, and was seen by her, and that was enough to erect in him both Love and Hope; the Character he received of *Naria's* Vertue and Witt, doubled in him the desire he had to make her in Love with him; he sought Her in all places with much industry, he passed very often by her House without seeing her, or being seen by her; he met her by chance as she was going to a Bath; and was so happy as to have a sight of her Face two or three times, and as often

ten found her most Beautiful; and was so smitten with her, that he believed she designed to put a stop to all his lightness, and inconstancy,

Several Days passed before *Alamire* could find any signe that *Naria* approved of his Love, and begun to be very much concerned at it; Yet for all that, he did not quit the Designe he had laid, to gain the good Esteem of her, or those other fair Persons; and above all, of a young Lady, called *Zoromade*, very considerable by her Father's Quality, as well as her own Beauty: The difficulty of seeing her, was almost as great, as that of seeing *Naria*; But he was perswaded, that this Fair Maid would have easily found means to overcome them, if she were not so narrowly watched by her Mother: So that, he was not so eager to surmount these Obstacles, as he was to overcome *Narias* Resistance; being she had no Body to controul her: He had endeavoured two or three times, but in vain, to gain some of her Slaves, to know from them the Dayes she used to go Abroad, and the Places where he might see her: At last, one of those that seemed the most Obstinate, promised him to give him Notice of all she did. Two Dayes after, he told him, She was going
to

to a very fine Garden, she had out of Town; and that, if he would please to walk about that, there were about it Risings, from whence he might easily see her. *Alamire* made use of this Intelligence: He goes out of *Tharsus* disguised, and passed all the Afternoon about this Garden.

Towards Evening, as he was ready to return, he saw a Door open, and perceived it was the Slave, which he had gained; who beckon'd to him to approach: He believed *Naria* was walking, and that he might have a sight of her from that Door: He advances, and enters into a Magnificent Arbor, richly adorned with all things that might add to its Beauty: But what surprized him most, was the Sight of *Naria*, sitting upon Cushions under a stately Canopy, after the resemblance of the *Goddess* of Love; two or three of her Women stood at a Corner of the Arbor: *Alamire* could not forbear running towards her, and casting himself at her Feet, with an Air so full of Transport and Astonishment, that he augmented the modest Blushes, which appeared on the Face of this Beautiful Lady.

I know not (said she to him, intreating him to rise) whether I ought of a suddain, to shew you the Inclination I had for you,

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having

having concealed it so long a time from you: I believe, I should have hid it, all my Life-time, if you had taken less pains to shew me the Love you had for me; But, I confess, I could not but resist a Passion that was pursued and maintained upon such weak and slender Hopes. The first Moment I saw you, you appeared Lovely to me; I have endeavoured to see you undiscovered, with more care than you did to see me: In fine, I was desirous to be as well assured of the Passion you had for me, by your Words, as you had convinced me of it by your Actions.

Great Gods! What Assurance could *Naria* have in *Alamire's* Words! She little knew the bewitching and inevitable Charms of his alluring Speeches: He outdid all the Hopes she conceived of his Love; and by his flattering and insinuating Wit, he gained an intire Conquest over the Heart of this Lovely Creature: She promis'd to give him a second Meeting in the same place: He returns to *Tharsus*, fully perswaded, that he was the Man of the World, the most in Love; and had almost perswaded *Mulziman* and *Selemin*, that he was so. He visited *Naria* divers times; who shewed him the greatest Inclination, and truest Marks of Love, that
ever

ever were: But she told him, That she had learnt, the great Disposition he had to Change: That she was incapable of giving any share of her Heart to any other; and that, if he intended to preserve hers, he must think of no Body else: And up-
on the first occasion she should have of being Jealous of him, she would for ever break with him. *Alamire* answered her with so many Oaths, and so much Address, that he perswaded her of his Eternal Fidelity.

But the very Thought of such a strict Engagement troubled him; and as there were no Obstacles to hinder him from the Freedom of seeing her, his Love began to grow cold: Nevertheless, he continued making still the same Protestations of Love to her. As she had no other Thoughts but of Marrying him, she believed there was nothing could obstruct it, since she both Loved, and was Beloved of him; insomuch, that she began to talk to him of Marriage: *Alamire* was surprized at the Discourse; but his Address was such, that the Surprize was not taken notice of; And *Naria* made a full Account, that in a few Dayes, she should be Married to this Prince.

Since his Love for *Naria* began to diminish, his Pursuit of *Zoromade* began to increase: And by the Assistance of an Aunt of *Selimens*, whom her Nephew's Favour made Complaisant to the Prince's Passion, he found means to write to her: The Impossibility of seeing her, was still the same, by which his Passion still augmented.

All his Hopes was in the Feast, that is kept in the beginning of the Year: It was the Custom, to send great Presents one to another, during this Feast; and the Streets were crowded with Slaves, laden with all that was Rich and Rare to be found. *Alamire* sent Presents to divers Persons: *Naria*, being of a haughty and proud Disposition, would not give way to any considerable Presents; yet he sent her some *Arabian* Sweets, which were so Rare, that none had any of them but himself; and sent them with all the Ornaments, that might make them more agreeable to her.

Naria's Passion was grown so violent for this Prince, upon the Receipt of this Present, that if she had followed the Dictaments of her Heart, she had staid at Home to think of him; and would have avoided all Divertisements, where he was not to be seen:

Notwithstanding, being invited by *Zoromades* Mother to a Feast at their House, she could not with Decency gratify her Inclination herein. She went thither, and was not a little surprized at the Smell of the same Perfumes, as she came into a large Closet, which *Alamire* had sent. She stopped with some Astonishment, to inquire from whence that Pleasant Smell came? *Zoromade*, who was Young, and not used to conceal any thing, Blush'd, and was out of Countenance: Her Mother seeing her make no Answer, said, She thought, they came from *Selimen's* Aunt, who had sent them to her Daughter. This Answer confirmed *Naria*, that they came from the Prince: She saw them with the same Ornaments as hers were, but some-what Richer. This Discovery made so violent an Impression upon her, that she feigned her self indisposed, and went Home as really sick, as she desired to appear: She was violent, and quick of Apprehension; The Thought of being deceived by the Man she Adored, put her into a deplorable Condition: But, before she would give her self up to Despair, she took a Resolution to be more fully informed of the Princes Infidelity.

She sent him word, That she was sick,

and that she could not go to any of the Publick Entertainments, during these Festivals. *Alamire* came to see her; and assured her, that he also would not see any of those Publick Diversifements, since she could not be there: and talked to her after a manner, that did almost persuade her, that she did him wrong to suspect him. Nevertheless, as soon as he was gone, she got up, and disguis'd her self so, that she could not be known: She frequented those Places, where it was most likely to find him. The first Object that offer'd, was *Alamire* disguised; but no Disguise could hide him from her: She saw him following *Zoromade*; and during the Playes that were Represented, she perceiv'd him alwayes close by this Fair Lady. The next Day, she followed him again: But, instead of finding him in Pursuit of *Zoromade*, she saw him in another Disguise, closely Courting another Lady: Her Grief, at first, began to lessen; and she was not a little pacifyed, to think, that *Alamire* had only talked to *Zoromade*, by Accident, or to divert himself only. She crowd'd her self, amongst those Women that attended this Young Lady, whom *Alamire* followed; and she came so near to him, that at the turning of a Street, where

where this Young Lady made a stop, she heard *Alamire* speaking to her, with the same Aire, and those very Terms, that had so forcibly perswaded her of his Love. Judge what became of *Naria*, and the sensible Affliction she felt. She would have thought her self Happy at that time, if she could have been convinced, that *Zoromade* was the only Object of *Alamire's* Pursuit. She would believe, at least, that the Inclination he might have for this Beautiful Person, might cause his Change: She might have flatter'd her self to have been Beloved of him, before his Inclination for *Zoromade*: But finding, that he was able to have the same Care, and speak the same Words, to two or three at the same time, she was satisfyed, that she only had busied his Wit, and not possessed his Heart; and that she was only amused, without attaining to her Happiness.

It was such a cruel Adventure for a Person of her Humour, that she had not Force enough to bear it: She returns Home over-whelmed with Grief and Affliction; where she found a Letter from *Alamire*, assuring her, that he was shut up in his Closet at Home; not being able to indulge himself the Pleasure of seeing the Publick Entertainments, since he could

not hope for that, of seeing her there. This Cheat made her judge of what weight were all the past Actions of *Alamire*. She was confounded with Shame, for having so long pleased her self with a Passion, that was but a meer Treachery: She soon resolved what to do; She writ to him, all that Grief, Affection, and Despair could invent, of most sensible, and most passionate, without acquainting him what should become of her; only, bid him an Eternal Fare-well. This Letter surprized him, and gave him some sense of Grief: The Beauty and Wit of *Naria*, were of such high Perfection, that it render'd the Loss of her troublesome, even to the Inconstant Humour of *Alamire*.

He went to tell his Adventure to *Mul-ziman*, who made him ashamed of his Precedure: You are deceived (said he to him,) if you think your manner of dealing with Women, is not contrary to the true Sense of an Honest Man. *Alamire* was netled at this Reproach. I will justify my self to you, answered he; for, I have too much Esteem for you, to let you continue in so bad an Opinion of me: Do you think me so great a Beast, as not to Love with sincerity, a Person that I thought Loved me truly? But, do you think

think (interrupted *Mulziman*) to justify your self, by accusing those you Love? Did any of them deceive you? Did not *Naria* Love you with a true and sincere Passion? *Naria* believed, she Lov'd me, replyed *Alamire*; but she lov'd my Quality, and the Rank to which I might raise her. I have hitherto found nothing but Vanity and Ambition in Women: They loved the Prince, and not *Alamire*. The desire they have to make a signal Conquest, and the Ambition to raise themselves above that Slayish Life, to which they are subject, has created in them what you call Love; as the Pleasure of being Beloved, and the desire to overcome Difficulties, begot in me, what seemed a Passion to them. I believe (said *Mulziman*) you wrong *Naria*; for, I am confident, she truly loved your Person. *Naria* spoke to me of Marriage (answered *Alamire*) as well as the rest; and I know not, whether her Passion was more sincere than theirs. How (replyed *Mulziman*!) Would you have a Woman Love you, and not think of Marrying you? No. (said *Alamire*;) I would not have them think of Marrying me, while I am above their Quality, that should pretend to it: But, I would not be unwilling they should desire

fire it, if they did not know my Quality; and did in a manner believe, they transgress'd against the Rules of Prudence, in Marrying me: But so long as they look upon me as a Prince, that may raise them above the Sphere they are in; and may give them a Prerogative, to claim more Liberty, than they enjoy in the Quality of a Subject; I shall not think my self obliged, to take any great Notice of the Designe they may have to Marry me: or take it for a true Love. You should see, added he, That I am very capable of Loving sincerely, if I found a Person that should Love me, without knowing who I am. You desire an Impossibility, to shew your Fidelity, replied *Mulziman*; and if you were capable of being Constant, you should meet with enough, without expecting such extraordinary Occasions to shew it.

The Impatience he was in, to know what was become of *Naria*, broke off this Conversation: He goes to her House, where he learnt, that she was gone to *Mecca*; and that none knew the Way she took, nor the Time when she would come back. This was enough to make him forget *Naria*: All his Thoughts are now bent upon *Zoromade*; who was guarded with

with so much Care, that it render'd all his Addresses in a manner vain: Not knowing, therefore, what other Course to take, he resolves to venture upon a way, the most dangerous in those Countries, that could be thought of; which was, to hide himself in one of those Houses, where Women use to Bath themselves.

Those Baths are stately Pallaces; Women frequent them two or three times a week. They take a pride to shew their Grandure and Magnificence, by making a great number of Slaves to March before and after them, carrying all those things of which they have use in their Bathing Houses; the entrance of those Houses is forbidden to all men upon pain of Death, and there is no Mercy for them, that are found there? *Alamire's* quality seemed to warrant him against the ordinary Laws; but his Rank exposed him to a general Revolt and Sedition, in which he should not be able to save either his Life or Estate.

All Reasons were too weak to retain him from it; he writ to *Zoromade* that he was resolv'd to hazard all for to see her, & intreated her to instruct him how he might speak to her; *Zoromade* made a difficulty to consent to the hazard to which he was to expose him-

himself; but at last Led away by her Passion for him, and forced by that insupportable Constraint under which the *Arabian* Women live, writ to him, That if he could find means to get into the Bathing House, he must inform himself of that Appartment where she used to be; that there was a Closet where he might conceal himself; that she would not Bath that Day; and that whilst her Mother was in the Bath, she might have the opportunity of entertaining him. *Alamire* felt a sensible pleasure, in the difficulty of his enterprize: He won the master of the Baths by great Presents; he learnt the Day *Zoromade* was to come thither; he got in by Night, and was conducted to the Appartment wherein that Closet was, where he remain'd until morning, with all the the impatience that a man truly in love could be in.

Much about the time that *Zoromade* was to come, he heard a Noise in the next Chamber, as if divers People were come into it; a little after, the Noise lessen'd, and the Closet Dore is open'd, he expected to see *Zoromade* come in to him; but in her stead, he sees another Person whom he knew not, Richly attired, of a Beauty that had all the Flower, and all the Life of a blooming Youth. This Lady was as
much

much surprized at the sight of *Alamire*, as he was to see her; he was no less proper than she, to cause Astonishment, by the agreeableness of his Person, and the richness of his Apparel. It was so unnatural a thing, to see a Man in that Place; that, if *Alamire* had not made signs to this young Lady, to hold her peace, she had cried out loud enough, to make all that was in the Room, to come into the Closet: She comes nearer to *Alamire*, who was ravish'd with this new adventure, and asked him by what accident he came into this place; he told her it was a story too tedious to be told then, but conjured her to say nothing, and not to ruin a man, who valued not the danger he was in, since he ow'd to it the pleasure of seeing the beautifullest Person in the World; she blushes with an ayre of Innocence and Modesty, capable of inflaming a heart less sensible than *Alamire's*. I should be very sorry, repli'd she, to do any thing that might hurt you. But you have run great hazard in coming in here; I know not whether you are sensible of the danger you are in.

Yes Madam, I know it, and it is not the greatest that I am threaten'd withall this Day. After these words of which he believed

lieved she understood the meaning, he prayed her to tell him who she was, and how she came to enter into that Closet: My Name is *Elfibery*, answered she; I am the Governor of *Lemnos* his Daughter, my Mother came to *Tharsus* two Days ago, where she never had been before, no more than I; she is now in the Bath; I was not dispos'd to Bath, and I came by chance into this Closet; but I beg of you likewise added she, to tell me who you are? *Alamire* was glad to meet with a young Woman that knew him not: He told her, his Name was *Selemin*, (it was the first Name he could think of): As he talked to her, he heard a Noise: *Elfibery* went towards the Closet-Door, to hinder any to come in; *Alamire* followed her two or three Steps, forgetting the Danger he expos'd himself to. May not one hope to see you again, Madam, said he? I know not (replyed she, with an Ayre full of trouble,) but I think, it is not impossible: With this, she went out, and shut the Door after her.

Alamire was charmed with this Adventure: He never saw any thing so Beautiful, nor so Lovely, as *Elfibery*: He did believe, that he had observed by her, that he was not displeasing to her: She did not know him

him to be the Prince of *Tharsus*. In fine, He found in this Lady, all that might sensibly touch him. He staid until Night, in that Closet, without once thinking, that that he was come thither to see *Zoromade*; so full was his Imagination, with the Charms of *Elfibery*.

But, *Zpromade* was not so easie in her Mind; She truly loved *Alamire*: The Danger in which *Alamire* was in, put her into a Mortal Disquiet, and a sensible Affliction, that she could reap no Benefit by it. Her Mother was indisposed, and would not go to the Bath; and therefore, her Appartment was given to *Elfibery's* Mother. *Alamire*, at his return, found a Letter from *Zoromade*; informing him, what I have told you; and likewise, that they talked of Marrying her out of hand: But that, she was not much disquieted at it, seeing he might prevent it, by declaring to her Father, the Intentions he had for her. He shewed this Letter to *Mulziman*, to let him see, that all Womens Love to him, tended only to get him to marry them: He told him also, his Adventure in the Bathing-House: He did Exaggerate to him the Charms of *Elfibery*, the Joy he had to believe, that she had an Inclination for him, without knowing him

to be the Prince. He assured him, That he had now found something, that deserved to engage his Heart; and that he should see, how real his intentions should be for *Elfibery*; and, in truth, he resolved to leave off all other Pursuits, and to think of no Body else, but how to win the Love of this Beautiful Person. It was almost impossible for him to see her; especially, having resolved not to make himself known, as Prince of *Tharsus*: The first Resolution he takes, was to hide himself once more in the Bathing-House: But, he understood, that *Elfiberyes* Mother was sick, and that her Daughter would not come abroad without her.

In the mean-time, the time of *Zoromades* Marriage was at hand; and the Despair she was in, to see her self sleighted and forsaken by the Prince, made her consent to it: As her Father was a Man of great Quality, and the Man she was to marry was no less; so it was resolved, the Ceremony should be very Splendid at her Wedding. *Alamire* learnt, that *Elfibery* was to be there. The manner of Marrying amongst the *Arabians*, could afford him no Hope of seeing her there; because the Women are quite separated from the Men, both in their Mosques, and
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at their Feasts: He resolves, nevertheless, to hazard as much for her, as he had done for *Zoromade*: He feigned himself sick the Wedding-Day, the better to dispense himself from assisting Publickly at the Ceremony: He put himself into Womens Attire; and put on a long Vail, such as the Women do wear when they go abroad; and goes to the Mosque with *Selimen's* Aunt. He saw *Elfibery* coming in; and, though she was Veil'd, yet her Garbe was so particular, and her Habit so different from that the Women of *Thar-sus* wear, that he was not afraid to be mistaken in her: He followed her close to the Place, where the Ceremony was to be performed. He placed himself so near *Zoromade*, that, carryed on by the Remains of that Humour, that was so natural to him, he could not forbear making himself known to her; and speaking to her, as if he had disguised himself only to see her. His Sight caused so much trouble in *Zoromade*, that she was constrained to go back some Steps: And, turning her self towards him; It is an inhumane thing of you (said she) to come to trouble my Quiet, by an Action that should perswade me, that you Love me, if I were not well assured of the contrary;

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But, I hope, I shall not long suffer the Evils, which you have caused me. She could say no more, nor could he make a Reply; for, the Ceremony ended, and all the Women went to their own Places.

Alamire never thought of the Grief, in which he saw *Zoromade*; he was so full of his Desire and Care, how to speak to *Elfibery*: He kneel'd just by her, and begun to say his Prayers very loud, after the *Arabian* Fashion: That kind of confused Murmur of so many People, that speak all at once, make it hard to be heard, but by those that stand close to one another. *Alamire*, without turning his Face towards *Elfibery*, or changing the Tone in which he prayed, call'd her several times by her Name: She turned towards him; and, as he saw that she looked upon him, he lets fall his Book; and in taking it up, he lifted up his Vail a little; so that, *Elfibery* alone might see him: He shewed her a Countenance, whose Beauty and Youth did not bely the Habit of a Woman. He found, that his Disguise did not deceive *Elfibery*; Yet, he asked her, If he was so Happy, as to be known again by her? *Elfibery*, whose Vail was not quite down, turning her Eyes towards

Alamire,

Alamire, without turning her Head; I know you too well, said she; but, I tremble for the Danger you are in. There is none so great, to which I would not expose my self, rather than not see you, replied he. It was not to see me, said she, that you expos'd your self in the Bathing-House; and, perhaps, it is not for me, that you are now here. It is for you alone, Madam, replied he; and you shall see me every Day in the same Dangers, unless you give me some Opportunity of speaking to you. I go to Morrow, said she, with my Mother to the *Caliph's* Palace; be you there with the Prince: My Vail shall be off, because it is the first time that I come thither. She would say no more, for fear of being over-heard by the Women that were near her.

She put *Alamire* into great Perplexities about the Assignment she gave him; he very well knew that the first time Women of Quality are admitted to the *Caliph's* Palace, if the *Caliphe* or the Prince's Children come into the place where the Women are, they do not let down their Veils, and after that they are always Veiled: So that *Alamire* was sure to see *El-sibery*; but then he must be forced to shew himself, as Prince of *Tharsus*, and that

was, what he could not consent to do. The pleasure of being beloved for the sole Beauty of his Person, was so great and sensible to him, that he was resolv'd not to rob himself of it; but yet it was a great trouble to him to lose an opportunity of seeing *Elfibery*, and an opportunity which she her self gave him. That little Jealousie which she shewed; For having found him in the Bathing-House, whether he came not for her sake, engaged him the more not to omit any thing that might perswade Her of the reality of his inclinations for her. This perplexity made him hesitate a good while without answering her. At last he asked her if he might not Writ to her: I dare not trust any Body said she, unless you can gain, if possible, a Slave whose Name is *Zebelec*.

Alamire was satisfi'd with these Words, they leave the Temple; he goes to change his Habit, and to take his measures what to do the next Day, though he found it difficult to conceal his Quality from *Elfibery*; and though it was a great trouble to him to avoid seeing the person of the World he most coveted to see, yet he resolves to do it, because he determin'd to find whether he could be truly loved with-

out

out the help of his Quality ; by which, after he had considered how to carry on his design, he writ this Letter to *Elsibery*,

The LETTER of *ALAMIRE* to *ELSIBERY*.

IF I had already desired any Favour from you, or that you had given me any hope, perhaps I should not trouble you with the Request I am going to make, I thought it might then seem more reasonable than now. But Madam, you scarce know me, and I cannot flatter my self, with the thought that I could make any impression upon your Heart ; You are not engaged to me either by inclination or word ; and you are going to morrow to a place where you will see a Prince, who never yet saw any thing of Beautiful, but he was in love with : What may not I apprehend, Madam, from that interview ? I cannot doubt but *Alamire* will fall in love with you ; and though perhaps it may seem a Caprice in me to fear him as much as I do, and to apprehend that he may be so happy as to please you, yet I cannot forbear praying you not to see him. Why should you refuse me this Madam ?

It is no Favor I ask; and I am happily the only man in the World that ever did desire such a thing; I know my request will seem strange to you, since it appears more strange to my self; But do not refuse this Boon to one who has exposed his Life, that he might have the Happiness, only to say, he loves you.

Having writ this Letter, he disguises himself to go along with some he confided in, to find out who this Slave should be, of whom *Elfibery* spoke: He bestir'd himself so well about the Governour of *Lemnos* his House, that, at last, he gained the Favour of an old Slave, to bring *Zebeler* to him. He saw at a distance, this young Slave coming; and was surprized with his Beauty and Shape, and the Fineness of his Face. *Alamire* stood sculking in a dark Entry; and this young Slave looked upon him, as he came towards him, as if he had known him formerly: But, as soon as he came near, the Prince (without shewing himself) begun to speak to him of *Elfibery*. The Slave hearing a Voice which he knew not, of a suddain, changed his Countenance; and, after a great Sigh, looks down, and stood silent, with so profound a Sadness, that *Alamire* could not forbear asking him the Reason thereof.

thereof. I believed, I knew him that asked for me, answered he; and I did not think, that I was call'd to hear talk of *Elfibery*: But, go on; what-ever regards *Elfibery*, concerns me near. *Alamire* was surprized and troubl'd at the manner of this Slave's Discourse; He went on, nevertheless, in Recommending to him, the Delivery of a Letter to *Elfibery*; naming himself *Selemin*: The Sadness and Beauty of this Slave, made the Prince imagine, That this was some Lover of *Elfibery*, who had disguised himself to be near her. The Trouble in which he saw him, when he spoke to him of Letters that he was to give, confirm'd him in that Opinion: But, he reflected likewise, That if *Elfibery* had known this Slave to be her Lover, she would not make Choice of him, to convey his Rivals Letters. In fine, This Adventure perplexed him; And, be it how it would, this Slave appeared to him too Beautiful, and of an Ayre so far above his Condition, to be permitted to continue about *Elfibery*.

He expected the next Day with several sorts of Disquiet; He went be-times to his Mothers Apartment: No Lover was ever more impatient, to see his Mi-

strefs, than he was not to see his : Nor had any Lover more Reason to wish, he might not see her. He believed, that if *Elfibery* came not to the Pallace, it was to grant him the Favour he beg'd of her: That it was a true Signe, that she had received the Letter, which he gave *Zebelec* for her ; and that, if that Slave had given it her, it was apparent he was none of his Rival. In fine, In not seeing *Elfibery* come along with her Mother, he was sure he had Established a Correspondency with her ; that he had no Rival, and that he might hope to gain her Love. He was taken up with these Thoughts, when Word was brought him, that *Elfiberyes* Mother was coming ; and he had the Pleasure to see, that her Daughter was not come with her. His Transports were inexpressible : He retired, being unwilling his Face should be known to his Mistress Mother ; and went to his own Lodging, to wait for the time which he appointed to speak to *Zebelec*.

The fair Slave came to him, with as much Sadness as he shewed the Day before ; and brought him *Elfiberyes* Answer: He was over-joyed at this Letter ; He found in it Modesty, mixt with much Affection : She assur'd him, that she would have

have for him the Complacency of not seeing the Prince of *Tharsus*, and that she should never make a difficulty of granting him such Favours. She prayed him likewise, not to hazard himself for her; because that her own Natural Fearfulness, and the strictness of the Watch that was kept over her, would render all his Endeavours ineffectual. Though *Alamire* was extremely satisfied with this Letter; yet, he could not endure the Beauty and Sadness of the Slave: He asked him divers Questions about the Means of seeing *Elfibery*: But, the Slave made but cold Answers. This Proceeding increased the Princes Suspicions; and, as he found himself more touched with the Beauty of *Elfibery*, than he had ever been with any other; so he feared to enter into a necessity of using her, as he had done all those that he Loved before; or to engage himself to a Person, that might have other Inclinations. In the mean-time, he writ to her every Day: He obliged her to let him know to what Places she went: And his Love made him as careful to avoid seeing her in all Publick Places, where she might know him to be the Prince, as he was industrious to find out the means of seeing her in Private. He
so

so carefully observed all the Places about the House wherein she lodged; that he found, that upon the Top of the House, which was made into a Terrass, there was a Balcony jetting out over a Back-Street, which was so narrow, that one might Discourse from the House that was against it: He soon found wayes to be Master of that House. He writ to *Elfibery*, conjuring her to be the Night following upon the Terras, where she might be seen and entertain'd by him. For, being come thither, *Alamire* might easily discourse with her, without being overheard by any other: Nor was the Night so dark, but that he might have the Pleasure distinctly to see that Beauty, of which he was so enamour'd.

They enter'd into a long Discourse of the Inclinations they had for each other: *Elfibery* desired to be informed, what Adventure had brought him to the Bathing-house: He confessed to her the whole Truth, and all that had passed betwixt *Zoromade* and him. Young People are too sensible of these kind of Sacrifices, without apprehending the Consequences of them for themselves. *Elfibery* had a violent Passion for *Alamire*: She gave her self wholly up in this Interview; and they

they resolv'd to see one another often in that Place. As he was ready to withdraw, he turn'd his Head by chance, and was not a little surpriz'd, to see the Fair Slave, that had already caus'd him so much Disquiet, standing at one of the Corners of the Terrass.

He could not conceal his Trouble; but said, Madam, if I have shew'd you some Jealousie the first time I writ to you, may I be so bold, as to shew it you again the first time I speak to you? I know, that Women of your Quality have alwayes Slaves about them; But, I think, they are not of the Age and Meins of him, I see with you. I do confess, that what I know of the Person and Wit of *Zebelec*, may render him as dangerous to me, as the Prince of *Tharsus* can be. *Elisbery* Smiled at this Discourse; and calling the Beautiful Slave, Come *Zebelec*, said she; Come, and cure *Selemin* of the Jealousie you have caus'd him. Madam, I dare not without your Permission; and I wish, reply'd *Zebelec*, That you had the Power to make him Jealous: It is not for my own Interest I wish it; it is for Yours, and for the Apprehensions I have of the Misfortunes, to which you are going to expose your self. But Sir, continued the Slave,

Slave, addressing her self to the Prince, whom she took for *Selemin*; It is not just; to let you suspect the Vertue of *Elfberry*.

I am a wretched Creature, whom Chance has placed in her Service; I am a Christian of *Greece*, of a Birth, far above the Condition you see me in: A little Beauty (of which, there are scarce any Foot-steps left) drew many Lovers to Court me, in the Prime of my Youth: I found so little Truth, and so much Treachery in them, that I looked upon them with Scorn. One more Unfaithful than all the rest (but who knew how to disguise it better) gain'd my Affections: I broke off for his sake, a considerable Match. My Parents persecuted us: He was forced to fly: He Marries me; I Disguis'd my self in Man's Apparel, and followed him: We took Shipping: There happen'd a Person of great Beauty to be in the same Ship, brought thither by some extraordinary Accident, to pass into *Asia*, as well as my self: My Husband fell in Love with her: We were set upon, and taken by the *Arabians*: They shared the Slaves: My Husband, and one of his Relations, had their Choice to be in one Lot with those, that should fall to the Captain,

tain, or the Lieutenant's Share: It was my Lot, to fall to the Captain; and, by an unheard-of Ingratitude, my Husband chose to go with the Lieutenant, to follow this Woman he Loved: Neither my Presence nor Tears, nor what I had done for him, nor the wretched Condition in which he was going to leave me, could move him: Judge of my Grief! I was led hither: My good Fortune gave me to *Elfiberies* Father. Though I have seen my Husbands Ingratitude, I cannot altogether lose the Hope of his Returning; and that was it, that caused the Change you observed in my Face, the first time I came to speak to you: I was in hopes, it might be him that desired to speak to me; and, as ill grounded as this Hope was, I could not lose it without Grief. I do not oppose the Inclination which *Elfibery* has for you: I know, by woful Experience, how vain it is, to oppose such kind of Thoughts: But, I grieve for her; and I do fore-see, the Mortal Pangs into which you will throw her. She never was in Love: She is now Engaging her self into a sincere and real Passion for you; which no Man that has been already in Love, can deserve.

When

When she had left speaking ; *Elfibery* told *Alamire*, That her Father and Mother knew her Quality, her Sex, and her Merit ; but for Reasons that she had to remain unknown, she appeared in the Guise of a Slave. The Prince was Charmed with the Wit and Vertue of *Zebelec* ; but more, to find how vain the Grounds of his Jealousies were. In the Sequel, He found so many Charms, and so much Sincerity in *Elfiberies* Conduct, that he was convinced, that he was never Beloved but by her alone. She lov'd him for Loves sake, without considering what this Passion tended to : She never dived into his Fortune, nor his Intentions : She hazzarded all to see him ; and did all things blindfold, that he could desire : Another Woman would find much Constraint, in the Conduct he desired she should observe. He would have her still believe him to be *Selemin* : He was forced to hinder her from going to certain Publick Feasts, where he was obliged to appear as Prince : But she found nothing difficult, that pleased him.

Alamire believed himself, for a time most happy to be beloved for his own sake ; but it came into his Head, that although *Elfibery* loved him without knowing that he

was

was the Prince of *Tharsus*, it might happen that she might forsake him for one, that should be of that Quality: He was resolved to put her Heart to the Test, by making the true *Selemin* pass for the Prince of *Tharsus*; making Love to her; and to see with his own Eyes, after what manner she would treat him: He told *Selemin* his Intention; and they, together, found means to put it in Execution. *Alamire* made a Horse-Race; and told *Elfibery*, That, to give her some share in the Divertisement, he would get the Prince, with all his Company, to pass by her Window: That the Prince and He would be Attired alike, and that he would Ride close by the Princes side; and that, although he had alwayes apprehended her seeing *Alamire*, he believed himself too well assured of her Heart, to apprehend, that the Prince might draw her Eyes towards him, chiefly in a Place where he should be near enough, to have his share of her Looks. *Elfibery* did verily believe, that he whom she should see with her Lover, would be the Prince of *Tharsus*; and the next Day, seeing the true *Selemin* with *Alamire*, did not doubt, but that it was the Prince: She thought, her Lover had no Reason to represent *Alamire*, for
such

such a formidable Man, since she thought him nothing so agreeable, as him she took for his Favourite. She did not forget to tell him the Judgment she made of him: But, that was not enough to him: He resolved to try further, whether this supposed Prince would not take with her, when he should seem to be in Love with her, and propose to Marry her.

At one of the *Arabian* Feasts, where the Prince was not obliged to appear in Publick; he told *Elfibery*, that he would Disguise himself, that he might be near her: He did so; but carryed *Selemin* with him: They placed themselves near *Elfibery*, and *Selemin* call'd her three or four times: her mind being full of *Alamire*, she doubted not, but that it was he; And taking her time, where no body looked on her, she lifted up her Vail to shew him her Face, and began to speak to him; But she was surpris'd, when she saw him near her, whom she took for the Prince of *Tharsus*; *Selemin* seem'd to be surpris'd likewise, and smitten with her Beauty; He fain would have spoken to her, but she would not hear him; And being troubled, at this Adventure, she went nearer to her Mother; In so much, that *Alamire* could not accost her all the rest of the day. At Night,

Night, *Alamire* went to speak to her upon the Terrass: She told him all that happen'd to her, and that with so much Truth and Exactness, and such Apprehension, lest he should suspect that she had any way contributed to it, that *Alamire* had all the Reason imaginable, to be well satisfyed: Yet he was not content, but caused the old Slave (which he had already found very sensible of Presents) to be bribed, to carry a Letter from the supposed Prince to *Elfibery*: As the Slave would have given it her, she chid him soundly, and refused the Letter: She gave an account of it to *Alamire*, who knew it already, and enjoyed the Pleasure of his Cheat. To accomplish what he had begun, he carries *Selemin* to the Terrass, where he was used to speak to *Elfibery*, and hid himself so, as she could not see him; but might hear every Word they spoke. *Elfibery* was extreamly surprized, to see the supposed Prince upon the Terrass: At first, she thought to withdraw; but her Suspicion, that her Lover betrayed her to the Prince, and her desire to find it out, kept her there for some Moments. I will not tell you, Madam, (said he) Whether it was by my own Address, or by the Consent of him, you thought to

I find

find here, that *I* possess the Place that was intended for him; neither will I tell you, whether he be ignorant of my Intentions for you; but you may judge, by the likelihood of it, and by the Power that the Quality of a Prince may give me: I will only tell you, That by one sight of you, you have done that in me which long Converse could never effect: I would never Engage my self; and now, my only Happiness is, to induce you to accept of the Quality I possess: You are the only Person, to whom *I* ever have offer'd it; and you shall be the last, to whom *I* ever shall offer it: Think of it, Madam, more than once, before you deny me; and think, that in refusing the Prince of *Tharsus*, you refuse the only Means to draw you out of that Eternal Captivity, to which you are now destined.

Elfibery could hear no more what the supposed Prince said to her: As soon as he gave her to understand, that her Lover had sacrificed her to his Ambition, without making any Reply to what he had said to her: I know not, Sir, (answered she) by what Adventure you came hither: But let it be how it will, *I* must hold no longer Conversation with you; and *I* beseech you, to allow me the Liberty

ty to with-draw. In saying these Words, she left the Terrace, and retired to her Chamber with Zebelec, who had followed her with as much Disquiet, and Trouble of Mind, as *Alamire* had Joy and Tranquillity: He saw, with Delight, that she despised the Offers of so great a Fortune, at the same time that she had grounds to believe, that he had deceived her: Nor could he any longer doubt, but that she was proof against those Aspiring Thoughts, of which he was apprehensive. The next Day, he tryed again to get a Letter conveyed to her from the Prince, to see if Spite and Rage had not caused her to change her Mind: But the old Slave that was intrusted with it, and endeavoured to deliver it, was as ill handled by her, as he had been the first time.

Elfibery passed the Night with incredible Grief: There was all the Appearance imaginable, that her Lover had betray'd her: There was none but him, that could discover their Intelligence, and the Place where they used to speak to one another. Nevertheless, her great Kindness for him, would not let her condemn him without hearing him. She saw him the next Day; and he argued his Case so well, that he

perswaded her, that he was betray'd by one of his People; and that the *Caliphe*, at his Son's Request, had kept him a part of the Night from coming upon the Terrass: Nay, he perswaded her, that he was sensibly displeased at the Princes Passion for her. The fair Slave was not so easie of belief, as *Elfibery*; and the Experience she had of the Falshood of Men, would not permit her to give Credit to the supposed *Selemin*'s Words: She endeavoured (but in vain) to let her see, that he imposed upon her: But, a little while after, Chance gave her occasion to convince her of it.

The true *Selemin* was not so taken up with the Princes Gallantries, but that he had time enough to have some of his own: The Lady he was in Love with, had a young Slave that waited upon her, who was passionately Enamoured of *Zebelec*, whom she took for a Man. She told her the Love that was betwixt *Selemin*, and her Mistress, and the Contrivance they had found to see one another. *Zebelec*, who knew *Alamire* by no other Name but that of *Selemin*, caused her self to be thorowly informed of all that might let *Elfibery* see the Infidelity of her Lover; and went in that very instant, to tell her
of

of it: She was sensibly afflicted at this Discovery; yet she gave her self up to her Sorrow, without reflecting injuriously upon him that caused it. *Zebelet* used all the Arguments she could think of, to perswade her never more to see *Alamire*; nor to hearken to any Justifications, which could be no other but new Inventions, to cheat her. *Elfibery* was willing enough to follow her Advice, but had not the Power.

Alamire came that very Evening to the Terrass; and much astonished, when *Elfibery* began their Interview with a Flood of Tears, and followed it with Reproaches so tender, that even those who had no Love for her, could not choose but be concern'd for her. He could not imagine, what she could accuse him of; or by what strange turn of Fortune, she alone should accuse him of Infidelity; having never been Faithful to any but to her self: He justified himself with all the Force that Truth could inspire: But, in spight of the Disposition she was in to believe him Innocent, she could not give Credit to his Words. He pressed her to tell him, who she should be, that she thought him in Love with: She did so, and told him all the Circumstances of their Commerce.

Alumire was not a little surprizeth, to find that it was the Name of *Selemin*, that made him appear Guilty; and was much perplexed, to find by what means he should go about to justifie himself; He could not resolve it presently: His only Course was, to make new Protestations of his Innocency, without engaging himself into a further Justification: His Perplexity, and his Words, in general, confirm'd *Elfibery* of his Infidelity.

He goes immediately to *Selemin*, to tell him his Misfortune; and think with him, of the Means to make his Innocence appear. *I* would break off with the Person *I* Love, for your sake, said *Selemin*, if *I* thought that would be any Advantage to you: But, although *I* should leave seeing her, *Elfibery* would believe still, that there was a time in which you had been Unfaithful to her; and so, would not be able to give any Credit to your Words: If you would take away all Ground of Suspicion from her, my Opinion is, That you own who you are, and who *I* am. She has Loved you, without the Help of your Quality: She believed me to be the Prince of *Tharsus*, and despised me for your sake; and, in my Opinion, that was what you would be at. You have Reason
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my dear *Selemin*, cryed the Prince, but *I* cannot resolve, to discover my Quality to *Elfibery*: *I* shall lose by that Discovery, all that was Charming in my Love; *I* shall lose the only true Pleasure *I* ever had; and, *I* know not, whether *I* shall not lose the Passion *I* had for her. But, consider also, Sir, answered *Selemin*, that in going still by my Name, you will lose the Heart of *Elfibery*; and that, in losing that, you will lose all the Pleasures, that a false Imagination makes you apprehend, can never be found again.

Selemin spoke so convincingly to *Alamire*, that (at last) he made him resolve to discover himself to *Elfibery*: He did so that very Evening: And none ever was transported of a suddain, from so deplorable a Condition, to so happy a State, as she was. She found Marks of a most sincere and tender Passion, in all those Accidents that before appeared to her as Deceits: She had the Pleasure, to have convinced *Alamire* of her Inclination for him, without knowing that he was a Prince. Lastly, Her Transports were so great, that her Heart was scarce able to contain them; nor did she hide them from *Alamire*: But, he suspected this Joy of hers; He believed, the Prince of *Tharsus* had a

share in it, and that *Elfibery* was more sensibly touched for having him for her Lover: But, he concealed his Thoughts from her, and continued visiting her with much Assiduity. *Zebelec* was surprized, that she had been deceived in her Diffidence of Men's Passions; and envied *Elfiberies* Happiness, in having found so Faithful a Lover: But, the Cause of her Envy did not last long. It was impossible, but that those extraordinary Things which *Alamire* had done for *Elfibery*, should add new Life to the Passion she had for him: The Prince perceived it. This redoubling of her Love, appeared to him an Infidelity; and caused in him the same trouble, which the Decrease of it ought to have done. In fine, He thought himself so well assured, that the Prince of *Tharsus* was better Beloved, than *Alamire* had been under the Name of *Selemin*; that his Passion began to diminish, though he had no Engagement else-where. He had already had of so many sorts; and, this last had something in it that was so quick, and feelingly Charming, that he found himself insensible of any other. *Elfibery* saw the Love and Care he had for her, decay insensibly; and, although she endeavoured to deceive her self; yet she
could

could no longer doubt of her Misfortune, when she was told, That the Prince had taken a Resolution, to go to Travail over all Greece. She learnt it from others, before he told her any thing of it: He was now weary of *Tharsus*, and that inspired him with the Designe, which he put in Execution, notwithstanding all *Elfiberies* Intreaties and Tears.

The fair Slave saw then, that *Elfiberies* Destiny was as Unfortunate as her own; And *Elfibery*, had no other comfort, but what she found in bemoaning her self to *Zebelec*; who had the News of her Husband's Death, for which she was sensibly agrieved, notwithstanding his horrible Infidelity to her: His Death having now taken away the cause of her Disguise, she prayed *Elfiberies* father, to give her that Liberty, which he had so often offered her; having obtained it, she put on a Resolution, to return to her own Country; there to spend the rest of her dayes in some Solitude, remote from the Commerce of all men. She had often spoken to *Elfibery*, of the Christian Religion: This fair Creature being touched with what she had heard her say, and with the Inconstancy of *Alamire*, (for which she hoped for no Redresse) resolves to turn Christian,

an, to follow *Zebelec*; and live with her in a profound Oblivion of all earthly Tyes; She went away, without giving any notice to her Parents, only by a Letter which she left for them.

Alamire was already got far on his way, when he understood by a letter from *Selemin*, what I came from telling you of *Elfibery*: But where ever she be, perhaps she would find some Consolation, could she but know how severely her Quarrel was revenged upon *Alamire*, for his Infidelity to her, by the Violent Passion which *Zayde's* Beauty kindled in him.

He arrived in *Cyprus*, and fell in Love with that Princess, (as I told you) after ballancing some time betwixt Her and Me: But, he Loved her with a Passion so different from all others he ever Loved, that he scarce knew himself. Formerly, he would always declare his Love, from the first Moment that he felt it; He never was afraid to offend those to whom he declared it: But, to *Zayde*, he scarce durst let her have any inkling of it. He was astonished, at this Change in himself: But, he being forced by the Violence of his Passion, to declare it to *Zayde*; and, that he found, that the indifference she had for him, did but irritate his Love for her; when he
saw

saw himself brought to Despair by her usage to him, without being able to disengage himself from his Passion for her; he felt a Grief, that was not to be expressed.

How! (would he say to *Mulziman*) Love never had more Power over me, but I was pleased to give it; and, though it had entirely Conquer'd me, I alwayes was pleased with all Places where I Loved: And now he must, through the only Person in the World, in whom I found a Resistance, to Domineer over me, with so absolute an Empire, that he has left me no Power to disengage my self from him. I could not Love all those that Lov'd me, and I am compelled to Adore *Zayde*, that despises me. Is it her extraordinary Beauty, that produces this unusual Effect? Or, Can it be possible, that the only way to fix me, was not to Love me? Ah, *Zayde*! Shall I never be in a Condition to know, that they are not your Rigors that ty me to you?

Mulziman could not tell what to say to him; such was his Surprise, to see him in the Condition he was in: He endeavoured, notwithstanding, to comfort him, and to ease his Pain. Since the Arrival of *Zaydes* Father, and her Declaring never

to Marry that Prince, his Despair grew greater, and hurried him to seek his Death any where with Joy.

This is, as near I can remember, what I learnt from *Mulziman*, continued *Felime*; and perhaps, I have been too exact in my Narrative: But, you must pardon those Charms, which those that are in Love, find in the Persons whom they Love; though it may be, even upon disagreeable Subjects. Don *Olmond* told the Princess; That, far from thinking her self obliged to excuse the Length of her Narration; That he was bound rather, to return her Thanks, for informing him of *Alamire's* Adventures: He conjured her, to finish what she had begun to tell him: She continued her Discourse after this manner:

You may very well judge, that what I learnt of the strange Adventures and Humour of *Alamire*, could give me no great Hope; since I was convinced, that the only way to make him Love, was not to love him; notwithstanding, I did not love him less. The Dangers to which he daily exposed himself, gave me Mortal Apprehensions for him; I did believe, that every Stroke might fall upon his Head; that he was the only Man, that
could

could be in danger. I was so over-whelm'd with grief, that I thought nothing could be added to it: But, Fortune expos'd me to a kind of Misery, more cruel than any I had yet felt.

Some Dayes after *Mulziman* had told me *Alamire's* Adventures, I was speaking of them to *Zayde*; and I made such sad Reflections upon the Cruelty of my Destiny, that my Face was all bathed in Tears. One of *Zaydes* Women pass'd thorow the Room where we were, and left the Door open, which I not perceiving: It cannot be denyed, said I to *Zayde*, but that I am very Unfortunate, to have settled my Affections upon a Man, that is so unworthy in all Respects, of the Inclination I have for him: As I ended these Words, I heard some Body behind me in the Room; I thought, at first, it was that Woman, that was going thorow again: But, What a confusion and trouble was I in, when I saw it was *Alamire!* and that he was so near me, that he could not choose but hear my last Words? But the Trouble I was in, and the Tears that trickled down my Cheeks, took from me all Means of hiding from him the Truth of what I had said: My Strength fail'd me; my Speech left me;

I wished my self Dead : In short, None ever was in such a taking, as *I* felt my self. And, to add to the Cruelty of my Adventure, the Princess *Alasimthe* came in, accompanied with divers others ; who went all to speak to *Zayde*, and left me alone with *Alamire*.

The Prince looked upon me with an Ayre, that shewed the fear he had to increase the Confusion in which he saw me. *I* am sorry, Madam, said he, that *I* came in at a time, when in all appearance, you were not willing to be heard by any but *Zayde* : But, Madam, since Chance has ordained it otherwise, do not take it ill if *I* ask you, How it can possible be, that a Man that has been so happy as to please you, could oblige you to say, That he was unworthy in all Respects, of the Kindness you have for him ? *I* know, no Man can deserve the least of your Favours ; But, Can there be any Man, that could give you Cause to complain of his Intentions ? Be not angry, Madam, that *I* have some share in your Confidence ; you shall not find me unworthy of it ; and, though you took care to conceal from me what *I* have heard ; yet, *I* shall alwayes have a great Value for a Secret, which *I* owe only to Chance.

Alamire

A Romance.

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Alamire had spoke on for a long time, if he had stay'd untill *I* had been able to interrupt him: *I* was so out of Countenance, and so daunted with the fear he should find out, that he was the Man of whom *I* complain'd; and with Grief, that he should believe, that *I* loved another Man; that it was utterly impossible, for me to answer him. You think, perhaps, that having concealed from him the Passion *I* had for him, with so much Industry, and seeing him so much in Love with *Zayde*; *I* should be indifferent, whether or no he imagined, some other might have gain'd my Esteem: But, Love had already put so much Constraint upon it Self, to hide it from the Person that gave it Birth, that it could not be so cruel to it self, as to let him think, that another had kindled it. *Alamire* attributed my Perplexity, to my trouble of seeing him perswaded that *I* was in Love. *I* see, Madam, said he, that you are unwilling I should be your Confident; but your Concern is unjust: Can any Man have more Respect for you than my self, or more Interest to please you than I? You have an absolute Power over that Princess, of whom depends my Destiny: Tell me then, Madam, Who he is, of whom you
com-

complain? and if I have half as much Power with him, as you have over her I Adore; you shall quickly see, if I do not make him know his Happiness, and render him worthy of your Goodness for him.

Alamire's Words increased my trouble and agitation of Mind: He urged me again to tell him, who he should be, of whom I complain'd: But, all the Reasons that made him desire to know him, render'd him in my Thoughts, unworthy to be informed. At last, *Zayde* judging the Perplexity I was in, came to interrupt us, before I could have the Power to utter one word to *Alamire*. I went away, without so much as looking upon him: My Body was not able to bear the Agitation of my Mind: I fell sick that very Night, and continued so a long time.

Among the Number of Men of Quality, that were then in *Cyprus*, it were hard if some did not concern themselves in the Preservation of my Life: I was told of their Care, to be informed of the state of my Health: I made Reflections, how littled I was touched with their Kindness: And, when I consider'd, that if *Alamire* had known my Inclination for him,

him, perhaps, it might make as little impression upon him, as the Passion of those that loved me, made upon me. I thought my self happy, that he was ignorant of my Love for Him; But, I must confess, this Happiness was only pleasing to my Reason, and no way grateful to my Heart. When I began to Recover, I put off as long as I could, all occasions of seeing *Alamire*; and when I came to be seen by him, I took notice, that he observed me with great Care, to find out by my Actions, who it was, of whom I complain'd; the more I found him diligent, in prying into my Deportment, the worse I handled all those, that shewed any inclination for me; though there were many, of whose Merit and Quallitys, I needed not be ashamed; yet, there was none of them, that did not blemish my Honour; For, I could not indure, he should think, that I lov'd without being belov'd Reciprocally; and, this very Thought made me Fancy, that I seem'd to him, to be less Worthy of him therefore.

The Emperors Troops plyed *Famagosta* so warmly, that the *Arabians* thought it their best way to desert it. *Zulema* and *Osmin* resolv'd to embark us with the Princess *Alasinthe* and *Belleny*: *Alamire* also re-

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solves

solves to leave *Cyprus* to follow *Zayde*, and quit a place where his Valour could be no longer useful: He had still a great Curiosity, to find out who it was that I complained of: When we were ready to part, and saw that my Sadness did not increase; How, said he! Can you leave *Cyprus* without shewing new Marks of Affliction? It is impossible, Madam, but you must sensibly feel this Departure: Do me the Favor to let me know, Who it is that you are concerned for? There is not a Man in all this place, but I can prevail with, to go into *Asiatick*; and, you shall have the Pleasure to see him there, without his least Suspicion, that you desir'd any such thing: I have no mind, said I, to trouble my self, to dispossess you of an Opinion, which you conceived upon appearances that seem'd to be true; Nevertheless, I must tell you, that those appearances are false, I leave none in *Famagusta*, For whom I have any extraordinary Concern: And yet, it is not for any Change my Heart has made. I understand you, Madam, the Man that had the good Luck to please you is not here: I looked for him in vain, amongst the Number of your Adorers; and, I believe he was gon from *Cyprus*, before I had the Honor to see you.

It

It is neither before you saw me, nor since your coming hither, that any has been so happy as to please me, said I to him, very abruptly; and I pray you, not to speak to me any more, of a thing that displeases me so much.

Alamire seeing that I was Angry, would say no more to me, and assured me, he would never trouble me any more upon this Subject; I was glad to end a Conversation, in which, I was always in danger of discovering, what I so earnestly desired to conceal. In fine, we went abroad, and our Voyage was at first so pleasant, that we had no reason to fear such an unfortunate Ship-Wrack, as we suffer'd upon the Coast of *Spain*, as I shall inform you *Ann*.

Felime was going to continue her Relation, when a servant came to tell her that her Mother grew worse. Though I had many other things to tell you, said she to Don *Olmond*, as she was going to leave him, I have told you enough, to let you know, that my Life depends upon that of *Alamire*, and likewise, to engage you to keep your Word with me. Madam, I will most exactly perform my Promise; But I pray you to remember also, that you must inform me of the rest of your Adventures.

The next Day he went to the King; who no sooner perceived him, but he presently would have *Gonsalvo* put out of the impatience, and the disquiet which appeared in his Countenance: Therefore, leading them both into his Cloſet, and commanding, Don *Olmond*, to tell him, whether he had ſeen *Felime*; or learnt from her, what intereſt ſhe took in the Preſervation of *Alamire*. Don *Olmond*, without ſeeming to Dive into the Reaſons, Why the King, ſhould be ſo curious, to know the Adventures of that Prince; he gave an exact Account, of all that he had learnt from *Felime*, of her Paſſion for *Alamire*, of *Alamires* for *Zayde*; and, of all that happen'd to them, until their departure from *Cyprus*. Having made an end, he judged, that the King, and *Gonsalvo*, could not be ſo free in their Diſcourſe, as they would be if he were not there; and, to leave them at Liberty, he ſaid, for excuſe, that he was Oblig'd to return to *Orepeſe*.

So ſoon as he was gon, the King looking upon his Favorite, with an Ayre that ſhew'd the kindneſs he had for him, ſaid to him, Do you yet believe, that *Alamire* is beloved of *Zayde*? Do you believe it was ſhe, that made *Felime* Write? Do
not

not you see, how ill your Apprehensions are grounded? No Sir, (replied gravely, Don *Gonsalvo*), all that Don *Olmond* has said, cannot perswade me yet, but that I have cause to fear; Perhaps, *Zayde* was not, at first, in Love with *Alamire*; or, that she concealed it from *Felime*, seeing the Passion she had for that Prince; but whom do you believe she lamented, when she was Shipwrack'd upon the Coast of *Spain* but *Alamire*, whom she believed Dead? Whom can I resemble but that Prince? *Felime* spoke only of him in her Relation; *Zayde*, has deceived her, my Lord, or else, she has owned to her the inclination she had for him: But since there being at *Alphonso's* House, all that I have heard, does not destroy the Opinion I had; and, I fear much, that, what remains yet untold, will rather confirm, than destroy them. It was so late when *Gonsalvo* left the King, that he should have thought of nothing else, but of taking his Rest; But, his disquiet of Mind would not give him leave to take any. *Felime's* Relation augmented his Curiosity, and left him still in that cruel uncertainty, in which he had been so long. In the Morning, one of the Officers of the Army, that came back from *Oropese*, brought him

a Note from Don Olmond, wherein he
Read these Words.

Don Olmonds Letter to GONSALVO.

FElime has kept her word with me, and
told me, the rest of her Adventures.
The Love she bears to Alamire, is the only
Cause of her Concern for his Life: Zayde,
has no Interest in it; and, if any Man
should have hard Thoughts of Zayde, it is
not of Alamire, he must be Jealous.

This Note put *Gonsalvo* into a new trouble, and made him think, that he was only deceived in believing, that *Alamire* was the Man she loved; But, that he could not be deceived in his belief, that *Zayde* was in Love. The Letter he saw her Write at *Alphonso's* House, what he had heard her say at *Tortosa*, of a first inclination, and the Note he Received from *Don Olmond*, would not let him doubt of it. He thought he must be still unhappy, since *Zaydes* Heart, was firmly concerned; Nevertheless, without knowing why, he felt some ease, by the assurance he had,
that

that her Passion was not for the Prince of *Tharsus*.

In the mean while, the *Mores* made Overtures of Peace, which were so advantageous, that it was not thought Prudence to reject them; Plenipotentiaries were named on both sides to Regulate Differences, and a new Cessation was agreed upon. *Gonsalvo* was Privy to all the Transactions: Yet, as busied as he was by the importance of those Affairs, which the King intrusted him with, he was much more impatient to know who this Rival should be, of whom, he never heard before. He expected *Don Olmond* with so much impatience, that he could take no Rest: At last, he beseeched the King, either to send for him to the Camp; or, to give him leave to go to *Orepefe*; *Don Garcias*, who was as curious to hear the sequel of *Zaydes* Adventures, resolv'd to be by at *Don Olmonds* telling them; he sent for him with all speed. When *Gonsalvo* saw him coming, and looking upon him, as the Man that was to relate to him, the true Sentiments of *Zayde*, he was almost ready to stop his mouth; he so much feared to hear the truth of his misfortune, though at the same time, he earnestly wished to know it. *Don Olmond*, with

his accustomed discretion, without seeming to perceive *Gonsalvos* trouble, begun to tell what he had received from *Felime*, in their last Conversation. The King having Commanded him to speak

The Sequel of the History of
FELIME and ZAYDE.

THe Princes, *Zulema* and *Osmin*, left *Cyprus*, with an intention to pass into *Africk*, and to land at *Tunis*: *Alamire* went along with them; and their Voyage was Prosperous enough, untill a contrary Wind drove them towards *Alexandria*. When *Zulema* saw himself so near that Place, he had a mind to go a Shore, to visit *Albumazar*, (the most famous Astrologer of all *Africk*) his old Acquaintance. The Princesses (who were not used to the Hardships of the Sea), were glad to go a Shore, to rest themselves; and the Winds continued in a contrary Point; so that, they could not put to Sea again so soon as they expected.

One Day, as *Zulema* was shewing to *Albumazar* divers Rarities which he had brought from his Travails, *Zayde* espyed in a Box which he open'd, the Picture of a
Young

Young Man, of an extraordinary Beauty, and a most agreeable Physiognomy; the Dress (that was like to that which is used by the Princes of *Arabia*) made her imagine, that it might be the Picture of one of the *Caliph's* Sons: She asked her Father, Whether it was not so as she thought? He told her, He knew not for whom that Picture was drawn; that he bought it of a Soldier, and kept it for the Excellency of the Work: *Zayde* seemed taken with the Beauty of that Picture: *Albumazar* took notice of her Attention, in considering it; He joked with her about it; and told her, That he perceived, that a Man that should resemble this Picture, might hope to please her.

The *Grecians* have naturally a great opinion of Astrology, and young People are very curious to know what is to come; so, *Zayde* pressed this famous Astrologer, to tell her something of her Destiny: But he still excused himself. He passed all that little time which he could spare from his Studies, in *Zulema's* Company; and seemed to avoid all occasions, of shewing his extraordinary Skill. At last, one Day finding him in her Father's Chamber, she urged him more than ever, to consult the Stars about her Fortune.

I need not consult the Stars for that, said he, Madam; for, I can assure you, that you are Destin'd for the Man, whose Picture *Zulema* shewed you. Very few Princes in *Africk* are equal to him: You shall be Happy if you Marry him: Have a care, you do not Engage your Affection to any other. *Zayde* received this Answer, as a kind of Rallery, for her too much Attention in viewing the Picture: But *Zulema* told her, with all the Authority of a Father, That she must no wayes doubt of the Truth of this Prediction; That he gave so full a Credit to it himself, that he should never consent she should Marry any other, but the Man for whom this Picture was drawn.

Zayde and *Felime* could not believe, that *Zulema* spoke what he truly thought; but when he declared, that he had no Intention now, that the Princess (his Daughter) should marry the Prince of *Tharsus*: They no wayes doubted of the Truth of what *Albamazar* had said. *Felime* was not a little transported with Joy, when she knew that *Zayde* was no longer destin'd for *Alamire*. She fancied a great pleasure to tell him of it: She flatter'd her self with the hope, that he would return to her, when he should have no further expectation, that

that *Zayde* would be his. She begg'd leave of this fair Princess, to acquaint *Alamire* with *Albumazars* Prediction, and *Zulema's* intention; this leave was soon granted, *Zayde* easily consented to all, that might Cure the Prince of *Tharsus*, of the Passion he had for her.

Felime, found an occasion to speak to the Prince, and without making any shew, of the Pleasure she took, in telling it to him, she advis'd him to break off with *Zayde*; since she was design'd for another, and that *Zulema* was no longer favorable to him; she, moreover told him, how *Zulema* came to change his Mind, and, shew'd him the Picture, which was to decide *Zaydes* designe. *Alamire* appeared overwhelmed with Grief, at the words of *Felime*, and surpris'd, with the Beauty of the Picture, she shew'd him; he remained a good while silent; at last, lifting up his Eyes, with an Ayre which shew'd his Grief; *I* believe it, Madam, said he, that Man, whose Picture *I* see, is design'd for *Zayde*; his Beauty deserves her; But, he shall never have her; For, *I* will Kill him, before he shall be able to pretend to Rob me of *Zayde*: But, replied *Felime*, if you undertake to fight with every Man, that may be like this Picture, You must attack

tack a great number of men, before you find out him, for whom it was drawn. I am not happy enough, answer'd *Alamire*, to be in danger of such a mistake. This Picture represents so great, and so particular a Beauty, that very few can be like it. But, Madam added he, this Physiognomy, as agreeable and as pleasing as it appears, may hide such unpleasing Humours, and a temper of mind so different, from what ought to please *Zayde*, that as Beautifull, as this pretended Rivall may be, perhaps he may not be beloved of her: And, as favourable and kind as Fortune and *Zulema* may be to him, if he does not Captivate *Zaydes* inclinations, I shall not think my self altogether unhappy; I shall be lesse troubled to see her in the possession of a man that she cannot love, then to see her in love with a man that she cannot possesse. Nevertheless Madam, continued he, although this Picture has made such an impression in my mind, that cannot easily be blotted out, I conjure you to leave it with me for some time, that I may consider it at leisure, and that I may imprint the *Idea* thereof more strongly in my Memory.

Felime was so much Concerned to see that, what she had said, would not abate
of

Alamire's hopes, that she let him carry away the Picture: Which he return'd to her some dayes after, in spight of the desire he had, to hide it for ever from the eyes of *Zayde*.

After some stay at *Alexandria*, the winds were favourable, for their departure; *Alamire* received Letters from his Father that obliged him to leave *Zayde*, to return to *Tharsus*: But knowing that he should not need to stay long there, told *Zulema*, that he should be as soon at *Tunis* as he. *Felime* was as much afflicted at their Separation, as if she had been really beloved by him: She was used to all the afflictions which love causes, but she had not been yet acquainted, with that which absence gives: And she felt it so sensibly, that she found, that it was the pleasure alone, of seeing him she loved, that gave her strength to support the Misfortune of not being beloved.

Alamire parted for *Tharsus*; and *Zulema* and *Osmin*, in different Ships, sailed towards *Tunis*: *Zayde* and *Felime* would not be parted, but staid together in *Zulema's* Ship. After some Dayes Navigation, a grievous Storm rose, which dispersed the Fleet: That Ship in which *Zayde* was, spent her main Mast: At which, *Zulema* losing all
Hope

Hope of Safety in staying in the Ship, and knowing that he was not far off the Land, resolved to save himself in the long Boat: He caused his Wife, his Daughter, and *Felime*, to go into the Boat; and took with him all that he had of Value: But, as he was going to step into the Boat, a Wave broke the Rope that fastened it to the Ship, and carryed it with that Violence, that it flaved in against the Beach. *Zayde* was cast upon the Shore of *Catalonia* half Dead; and *Felime*, who had got hold of a Planck, was driven in there too, after she had seen the Princess *Alasimthe* drowned. When *Zayde* was come to her self, she was in a maze, to find her self among People that she did not know, and whose Language she could not understand.

Two *Spaniards* that were walking upon the Beach, found her in a Trance, and caused her to be carryed to their House; Some Fisher-men led *Felime* thither too: *Zayde* was over-joyed to see her; but was more afflicted, to hear of the Death of the Princess, her Mother: Having shed many Tears for this Loss, she bent her Thoughts how to get out of that Place: She made Signes, that she desired to go

to Tunis, where she hoped to find *Osmir* and *Helleny*.

Looking earnestly upon the Youngest of those two Spaniards, whose Name was *Theodorick*, she perceived, he very much resembled the Picture, with which she had been so taken: This Resemblance surprized her, and made her look upon him with more Attention. She went along the Beach, to search for a Box, in which this Picture was; which, she believed, was put into the Boat, when she came off from the Ship. She sought in vain; and she was extremely vexed, that she could not find what she looked for. She perceived, for some Dayes, that *Theodorick* had a Passion for her, though she could not understand it by his Language; yet his Carriage, and his Actions, made her suspect it; Nor was that Suspicion disagreeable to her.

Some time after, she thought her self mistaken: She saw him very Melancholly, without any Cause from her: She saw, that he often left her to go alone, to Dream and Think. In fine, She believed, he was engaged in Affection to some other, which made him uneasy, and troubled in Mind. This Imagination gave her a surprizing Disquiet, and made her as
Melan-

Melancholly, as *Theodorick* seemed to her! Although *Felime* was taken up with her own Thoughts; yet she was too well acquainted with Love, not to perceive the Passion which *Theodorick* had for *Zayde*; and the Inclination *Zayde* had for *Theodorick*: She hinted it to her divers times; and, notwithstanding the Reluctancy this fair Princess found in her, to own it to her self; yet, she could not forbear owning it to *Felime*.

It is true, said she, I have an Inclination for *Theodorick*; of which I am not Mistress: But, I pray you *Felime*, Is it not of him, that *Albumazar* spoke? And was not that Picture (think you) which we saw, drawn for him? There is no likelihood of it, answered *Felime*; The Fortune and Country of *Theodorick*, has nothing that can relate to what *Albumazar* said. Consider, Madam, that having no wayes credited that Prediction, you now begin to believe it, by imagining, that *Theodorick* may be the Man that is destin'd for you; and judge from thence, what are your Thoughts for him. Hitherto, replied *Zayde*, I did not believe the Words of *Albumazar*, to be a true Prediction: But, I must confess, that since I saw *Theodorick*, they began to make an Impression upon

upon my Fancy. I thought it something Extraordinary, to have found a Man that resembled that Picture ;* and, at the same time, to feel an Inclination for him. I am surprized, when I think of *Albumazar's* forbidding me to suffer my Heart to receive any Impression : He seems to me, to have fore-seen the Inclination I have for *Theodorick* : And, his Person is so pleasing to me, that if I am design'd for a Man that resembles him, what should make me Happy, is like to make my Life uncomfortable. My Inclination is deceived with this Resemblance, and hurries me to him, to whom I ought not to belong ; and, perhaps, prepossesses me so strangely, that I shall not be able to Love him, whom the Destinies have ordained I should Love. There is no other Remedy, continued *Zayde*, but to leave a Place where I run such hazard, and where Decency it self, forbids we should continue any longer. It is not in our Power, answered *Fellme*, to leave it : We are in a strange Country, even where our Language is not understood. We must stay for the Ships : But take notice, that what soever Care you seem to take, to leave *Theodorick*, you will not easily be able to blot out the Impression he has made upon

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your Heart. I perceive in you, the same things I felt, when I began to love *Alamire*; and would to the Gods, I could see in him, what you cannot but see in *Theodorick*. You are mistaken, said she, if you think that *Theodorick* has any Inclination for me; he has, doubtless, for some other Person: And the Sadness I perceive him in, proceeds from a Passion, of which I am not the Cause. I have, at least, this Consolation in my Misfortune; that the Impossibility of expressing my Thoughts to him, will hinder me from the Weakness of declaring to him that I love him.

A few Dayes after this Conversation, *Zayde* saw *Theodorick* at a distance; looking, with great Attention, upon some thing, which he held betwixt both his Hands; Her Jealousie made her fancy, that it was a Picture: She resolves to find out the Truth, and steals towards him as softly as she could; but she could not do it so gently, but that he heard her: He turned his Head, and hid what he had in his Hands, so that she could see nothing but the Lustre of some Diamonds: She no longer doubted, but that it was a Picture-Case, as she had imagined; the Assurance she believed, she had of it, struck her

her with such a Grief, that she could not hide her Sadness, nor look upon *Theodorick*; And she felt such anguish of mind, to be so passionately smitten with a Man, whom she believed in Love with another. *Theodorick*, by chance, let fall what he hid; she saw it was a Knot of Diamonds, which held to a Bracelet of her Hair, which she had lost some Dayes before: The Joy she was in, that she had been mistaken, would not let her shew any Anger. She snatch'd up her Bracelet, and return'd the Diamonds to *Theodorick*; who presently threw them into the Sea, to let her see how much he despised them, when they were separated from her Hair: This Action convinced *Zayde* of the Love and Magnificence of that *Spaniard*, and did no small Feats in her Heart.

After this, he gave her to understand, by the help of a Picture (where he made the Painter to draw a Beautiful Lady, weeping over a Dead Man), that the Severity she shewed him, proceeded from the Tyes she had for that Man, whom she lamented. It was no small Grief to *Zayde*, to find, that *Theodorick* believed, that she loved another: She was now no longer in doubt of his Love for her; and she loved him with so much Tenderness, that she no

longer endeavoured to smother it.

The time in which she was to depart, drew on; and not being able to resolve upon her Departure, without letting him know, that she loved him; she told *Felime*, That she was resolved to write to him the Inclination she had in her Heart for him; but not to give it him, until the very moment she was to Embark. He shall not know the Passion I had for him, until I am sure, I am out of danger of ever seeing him more: It will be a great Comfort to me, that he shall know, that I thought of no other but himself; whereas, he believed, I was wholly taken up with the Remembrance of another Man. I shall find a great Pleasure, in expounding all my Actions to him; and in giving my self the Freedom of telling him, how much I loved him: I shall have this Delight, without breach of Modesty. He knows not who I am: He shall never see me more: And, what matter is't, if he knows that he touched the Heart of that Stranger, whose Life he has saved from Shipwrack. You have forgot, Madam, said *Felime* to her, that *Theodorick* does not understand your Language; So that, what you will write to him, will be of no use to him. Ah, Madam! If he has
any

any kindness for me, he will find means to be informed of what I shall have written to him ; and if he has not, I shall be glad that he does not know, that I love him : And, I am resolv'd to leave him with my Letter, the Bracelet of my Hair, which I so cruelly took from him, and which he deserved but too well.

Zayde began the very next Day, to write what she intended to leave to *Theodorick* : He surprized her, as she was Writing ; and she easily found, that he was Jealous at it. If she had followed the Impulse of her Heart, she had then told him, That she writ to none but him : But her Prudence, and the little Knowledge she had of the Quality or Fortune of this Stranger, kept her from saying any thing, that might be taken for an Engagement ; and made her conceal, what she desired he might know, when he should see her no more.

Some short time before she was to depart, *Theodorick* left her ; and made her comprehend, that he would be back the next Day. The Day following, she and *Felime* went to walk upon the Beach, not without Impatience to see *Theodorick's* Return ; and this Impatience made her more Pensive than usual : So that, seeing a Boat

put in to the Shore, instead of being Curious to see those that were in it, she walked another way : But, she was much surprized; to hear her self call'd, and to distinguish her Father's Voyce. : She ran to him with great Joy ; and he was transported to see her again. After she had acquainted him how she escaped from Shipwrack, he told her in few words, That his Ship was driven upon the Coast of *France*; from whence he could not depart, till some few Dayes before, and that he was come to *Tarragone*, to wait for the Ships that were to sail for *Africk*: That in the mean-time, he resolved to Row along the Coast, where *Alasinthe*, *Felime*, and she had suffer'd Shipwrack ; to find, if any of them had chanced to escape. At the Name of *Alasinthe*, *Zayde* could not contain her Tears; by which, *Zulema* understood the Loss he had received : Having bestowed some time upon his Griefs, he commanded the Young Princesses to go into the Boat, to sail along with him to *Tarragone*. *Zayde* was in great Perplexity, how to perswade her Father, not to carry her away just then : She told him the Obligations she had to those *Spaniards*, who had received her into their House ; thereby, thinking to induce him

to let her go to take her Leave of them: But, all she could alleadge, would not perswade him to trust her any more into the Hands of the *Spaniards*. He made her Embarque, in spight of all she could say to the contrary. She was so sensible of the Opinion *Theodorick* might conceive of her Ingratitude; or rather, that she was going to leave him, without all Hopes of ever seeing him any more; that, not being able to master her Grief, she was forced to say, She was sick. The sole Consolation she could find in her Affliction, was to see, that her Father had saved the Picture, with which she had been so well pleased; and which now, was become that of her Lover.

But, this Consolation was not strong enough to help her to support *Theodoricks* absence: She was not able to resist it: She fell dangerously ill: And *Zulema* was a long time in fear of Losing so every way accomplish'd a Creature, in the Prime, and Flower of her Youth and Beauty. At last there were visible Hopes of her recovery: But she was yet so weak that she could not brook the fatigue of the Sea. Her whole employ was to learn the Spanish Language, and having interpreters, and conversing with none

but *Spaniards*, she easily learnt it during that time which she passed in *Catalonia*: She made *Felime* learn it likewise, and she found some pleasure in speaking no other Language, but *Spanish*.

In the mean time, the great Ships were parted from *Taragone*, for *Affrick*; and though *Zulema*, did not know what was become of *Osmin*, after they had been separated by the storm, yet he writ to him, to let him know how he was Shipwrecked, and the reason that obliged him to stay in *Catalonia*. Those Vessels returned from *Affrick* before *Zayde* was recovered of her Sickness: *Osmin* writ to the Prince his brother, that he Arrived safe: And that he found, the *Calipe* in the mind to keep them still at a distance: And that King *Abderame*, having sent to him for Generals, to command his Armies, he designed they should passe into *Spain*, and that, for that purpose he had sent him the orders. *Zulema* knew well it was not safe to disobey the *Calipe*: He resolves therefore to take a brigantine, to go by Sea to *Valentia*, to joyn with the King of *Cordova*, and so soon as the Princess his Daughter, was in a condition to Travel, he had her Conveyed to *Tortosa*: Where he remained some dayes to give her some rest: But she was
far

far from finding any: For, during the time of her sickness, and since she began to recover, the desire she had to let *Theodorick* hear from her, and the difficulty of doing it, put her into a Cruel disquiet of mind: She could not be satisfied in her thoughts, because she had the Letter, which she intended to leave him, about her that day her father carried her away. She was extreamly vext, that she had not left it somewhere, where he might light upon it. In fine, the night before she parted from *Tortosa*, she sent one of her fathers Gentlemen with the Letter, with Directions where he should find *Theodorick* near *Tarragone*: She commanded him not to tell who sent him, and to have a care that he should not be dogg'd as he returned, nor known who he was. Though she never hoped to see *Theodorick*, yet her grief was renewed, by leaving a Country wherein he lived: She passed some part of the night, making her moan to *Felime*, in those pleasant Gardens belonging to the house where she lodged.

The next morning, that Gentleman, whom she sent, came back, and told her, that he had been at the place whether she directed him: but that he had bin informed that *Theodorick*, was gone from thence that day

day before, with design to return no more to that place. *Zayde* was sensibly vexed at this unlucky Chance, which deprived her of the only Consolation she sought after: And rob'd her Lover of the onely favour she ever intended him: She embarked with a heavy heart, and Landed in few dayes at *Cordova*. *Osmin* and *Belleny* staid there for them: The Prince of *Tharsus* was there likewise, who hearing at *Tunis* that she was in *Spain*, under pretence of those Warrs, came thither to find her out. *Felime* at the sight of *Alamire* did not find that absence had cured her, of the passion she had for him: *Alamire* found nothing but an Augmentation of, the rigors of *Zayde*: And *Zayde* an increase of her Aversion for *Alamire*.

The King of *Cordova*, gave the General command of his Army to *Zulema*, with the Government of *Talavera*, and that of *Oropese* to *Osmin*: These two Princes a little while after, had some causes of disgust given them by *Abdrame*, but being unwilling to publish their anger, they withdrew themselves to their Governments pretending to visit the Fortifications, and to give the necessary Orders for the security of those places. *Alamire* followed *Zulema*, that he might be near *Zayde*:

But

But a little while after, the Armies going to Action, he was forced to go to joyn with *Abderame*. I parted about that time to find out *Gonsalvo*: I was taken prisoner by the *Arabians*, and carried to *Talevera*; *Belleny*, and *Felime* went to *Oropese*, but *Zayde* remained with the Prince her Father. After *Gonsalvo* had taken *Talevera*, and a truce was proposed, *Alamire* sent word to *Zulema*, that he would lay hold upon the freedom of this Cessation to wait upon him, and that he would take *Oropese* in his way; *Zayde* being informed of what I told you by her father, writ to *Felime* to let her know, that she had found her *Theodorick* again, and that, she was unwilling, he should imagine that it was the Prince of *Tharsus*, whom she lamented at *Alphonsoes* house: and therefore prayed her to forbid him to come to *Talevera*.

Felime found no difficulty to deliver this Message to *Alamire*. The next day *Belleny* finding her self indisposed with the closeness of the place, took the advantage of the Cessation, and went out of the town to take the Ayr, in a great Wood that was near the City: as she was walking with *Osmia* and *Felime*, they espied the Prince of *Tharsus* coming towards them, whom they received with Joy: And after they had

had discoursed together a good while, *Felime* had opportunity to entertain *Alamire* in private.

I am sorry, I must tell you a thing that will hinder you from going on the Journey you intended: For, *Zayde* prays you not to go to *Talavera*, and she intreats it after a manner, that may pass for a Command. By what Excess of Cruelty, Madam, cryed *Alamire*, would *Zayde* Rob me of the only Comfort her severity has left me, which is to see her? I believe answered *Felime*, she intends to put an end to the Passion you profess to have for her; you know the aversion she has to be Married to a Man of your persuasion: You likewise know, that she has reason to believe, that you are not the Man that is destin'd for her; and know moreover, that *Zulema* has changed his Resolution. All these Obstacles, replied *Alamire*, shall never make me change, nor the continuance of *Zaydes* unkindness; and in despite of the Fates, and the manner she uses me, I will never let fall my hopes of being beloved. *Felime* more than usually Netled at the Obstinacy of *Alamires* Passion, disputed with him a good while, upon the Reasons that ought to draw him from his Pursuit: But seeing all her Arguments were
in

in vain, Rage did so inflame her, that, ceasing for the first time to be Mistress of her self, she told him; That if the Decrees of Heaven, and the unkindness of *Zayd*, would not make him lose his hopes, she knew not what would. Nothing, answered *Alamire*, but to see that another Man has won her Heart; then you must lay by all your hopes, replied *Felime*; for *Zayde* has met with a Man, that has found the way to please her, and by whom she's Adored & Beloved. Alas! who is that happy Man, cryed *Alamire*? A *Spaniard*, said *Felime*, that resembles the Picture you have seen; in all likelihood it is not he, for whom that Picture was Drawn, nor whom *Albumazar* meant: But as you fear none but him, that may please *Zayde*, let it suffice you, to know, that she loves him, and that it is her fear of displeasing him, that makes her not to consent to see you. What you say cannot possible be, replied *Alamire*, *Zayd's* Heart is not so easily Conquered, if it had been so, you would not tell it me, nor would *Zayde* give you leave to reveal such a Secret: nor have you any Reason that may induce you to tel me of it. I have too many, replied she, transported as she was with her Passion; and you — She was going to
continue,

continue, but of a suddain she recover'd her Reason: She was out of Countenance at what she had said: she was troubled, and was sensible of her Error: this same increased her Surprise. She remain'd a while without speaking, and as it were besides her self; at last, casting her looks upon *Alamire*, and believing she saw something in his looks, that discover'd something of the Truth, she put a constraint upon her self, and reassuming a Countenance, wherein appeared, more of tranquility, than she had in her mind. You have reason, said she to believe, that if *Zayde* were in love with any body, I should not acquaint you with it; I had only a mind to make you apprehend such a thing. It is true, that we have met with a *Spaniard* that is in love with *Zayde*, and resembles that Picture which you saw: But you have made me perceive, that I have perhaps, committed an Error, to have told it you, and I am in great perplexity, fearing lest *Zayde* should be displeased at it.

There was something so natural, in what *Felime* said, that she believed it had wrought some part of the effect, at which she aimed: Nevertheless, her Surprise was so great, and the words she had Spoken
were

were so remarkable, that excepting the trouble in which she saw the Prince of *Tharsus*, she could not flatter her self with the hope that her words had not laid open her own thoughts.

Osmin, who came to them just then, interrupted their discourse: *Felime* pressed by her sighs and her tears, which she could not contain, walked into the wood to hide her grief, and ease her mind by making her moan, to one in whom she had an intire confidence. The Princess *Belleny* her Mother order'd her to be call'd back, that they might return to *Oropese*, she durst not look upon *Alamire*, for fear of seeing in his eyes too much grief for what she had told him of *Zayde*, or to much knowledge of what she had said of her self: She saw notwithstanding that he went towards the Camp, and it was some satisfaction to her to think, that he did not go to visit *Zayde*.

The King could not forbear interrupting of Don *Olmond* in this place; I do not wonder now, said he, to *Gonsalvo*, at the sadness in which you saw *Alamire*, when you met him after his leaving *Felime*: It was to her, that the Trooper saw him speak in the Wood; what she said to him, was the cause he knew you: And we
now

now understand the meaning of those words, which he spoke to you, when he drew his Sword at you, and which appeared to you then so obscure; and gave us so much Curiosity to know what they meant; *Gonsalvo* made no answer, and *Don Olmon* followed the thred of his Discourse.

It is not hard to judge how *Felime* passed that Night, and into how many sorts of Afflictions her mind was divided. She saw that she had betrayed *Zayde*; and she feared, that she had put *Alamire* into Despair: And, in spite of her jealousy she was troubled, that she had made him so Unhappy: Norwithstanding, she wished he might know that *Zayde* was engaged in her inclinations to another; she apprehended, that she had too well diswaded him from the Opinion she gave him of it: But above all, she fear'd that she had too much discover'd her own Passion for him. The next day, a new Affliction blotted out all the rest: She heard of the Combat that was betwixt *Alamire* and *Gonsalvo*; and, her whole Mind was taken up with the fear of losing him: She sent every day to the Castle, where he lay, to know how he did? and when she began to have some hopes of his Recovery, she
heard

heard what the King had ordered about his Life, to Revenge the Prince of *Gallicia's* Death. You saw the Letter which she writ to me the last Day, to oblige me to labour for his Preservation. I told her what *Gonsalvo* had done at her Request: And I have nothing more to tell you, but that I never saw in one and the same Person, so much Love, so much Discretion, and so much Grief.

Don Olmond thus ended his Relation; during which, *Gonsalvo* felt an inexpressible Pleasure: To know, that he was beloved of *Zayde*; to find Marks of Kindness, in all that he took for Marks of Indifference, was an Excess of Happyness, which transported him beyond Expression; and made him taste in one moment, all the Pleasures, which other Lovers taste only by fits. The King was going to tell *Don Olmond*, that *Gonsalvo* was *Theodorick*, when word was brought him, That the Deputies who came to treat of Peace, desired Audience. He left those two Friends together; and *Don Olmond* taking up the Discourse, I might with Justice complain, said he, that I owe the Knowledge who *Theodorick* was, only to my self, since our Friendship might claim that Knowledge from you. I wonder how you could believe, it could

be possible for you to conceal it from me, while you shewed so much Curiosity to know all that might concern *Zayde*. I know, you loved her the first Day you spoke to me of her; And I could not well believe, that the first sight could produce in you so violent a Passion, as to me it appeared by, what *Felime* told me; since I was sure, that the Man (such as she described *Theodorick*) could be no other but *Gonsalvo*. I had no other way to Revenge the Secret you kept from me, but by the Note which I writ to you, with an intention to give you some Disquiet: My Revenge is over; and the Pleasure I gave you by my Relation, makes me forget all that could displease me. But, added he, I will not let you take more Pleasure than you ought; for, I must tell you, That unless you have produced a great Alteration in *Zaydes* Heart, she is resolved to resist the Inclination she has for you, to obey her Father's Commands and Will.

The Certainty of being beloved, inspired him with so violent a Desire to see that Princess, that he beg'd Leave of the King to go to *Talavera*: Don *Garcias* willingly granted his Request; and *Gonsalvo* parted full of Hopes, to be confirmed, at least, (by the fair Eyes of *Zayde*) in the Truth

Truth of all that he had heard from Don Olmond. He heard at his Arrival to the Castle, that *Zulema* was indisposed. *Zulema* came to receive him at the Entry of her Father's Appartment; and told him, The Trouble her Father was in, that he was not in a Condition to see him. *Conrad* was so surprized, and so dazzled at the Charming Beauty of that Princess, that he stood stock still, and could not forbear shewing his Amazement. She took notice of it, and blushed; and remained in such a Surprise of Modesty, that it added a new Lustre to her Beauty. He led her to her Lodgings, and spoke to her of his Love with more Assurance, than he had done in his first Conversation. But, seeing that she answer'd him with a Discretion and Reservedness, which would conceal from him how her Heart was inclined towards him, if he had not learned it from Don Olmond; he resolv'd to let her understand, that he knew some part of her Inclinations.

Will you never tell me, Madam, said he, The Reason that made you wish, I were the Man whom I resembled? Do not you know, said she, that it is a Secret which I cannot reveal? Is it possible, Madam, replied he, looking stedfastly upon

her, That the Passion I have for you, and the Obstacles you see to my Happiness, will not induce you to have some pity of me, and to let me see (at least) that you wish my Destiny were more Happy. It is only this poor Wish of my Happiness, that you conceal from me with so much Industry. Ah, Madam! Do you think it too much for a Man, that has Adored you from the first moment that ever he saw you, to prefer him only in Wish, to some *African* whom you never saw? *Zayde* was so surprized with what *Gonsalvo* said, that she could not answer. Be not amazed, Madam, said he, (fearing she should accuse *Felime* for discovering her Thoughts); be not troubled, that Chance hath informed me what I have now told you: I heard you in the Garden the Night before you parted from *Tortosa*; and I knew from your self, what you have the Cruelty to conceal from me. How *Gonsalvo*, cried *Zayde*! You heard me in the Garden at *Tortosa*? Were you so near me, and would not speak to me? Ah, Madam, answered *Gonsalvo*, (casting himself at her Feet!) What a Joy you give me by this Reproach? and, How glad I am, to see you forget that I listened to you, to remember, that I did not speak

speak to you? Do not repent, Madam,
 continued he, (seeing her trouble, that
 she had discovered the Inclination of her
 Heart): Be not sorry to give me some
 Pleasure; and give me leave to believe,
 that I am not altogether indifferent to you.
 But to vindicate my self from that Re-
 proach, I must tell you, Madam; That
 I over-heard you at *Tortosa*, without
 knowing that it was you: And that my
 Imagination was so fill'd with the Opinion,
 that we were separated by the Seas; that,
 although I heard your Voice, being in the
 Night, and could not see you, and that
 you spoke *Spanish*, I could never imagine,
 that I was so near you: I saw you the
 next Day in a Barge; But, when I saw
 you, and knew you, I was no longer in
 a Condition to speak to you; being then
 in the Custody of those the King sent to
 find me out: Since you over-heard me,
 answered *Zayde*, it is but a Folly to go a-
 bout, to give another Construction to my
 Words: But, I beseech you, to ask me
 no more Questions; and to give me
 leave, to go from you: For, I must
 confess, that the Shame I have of what
 you have heard unknown to me, and of
 what I have unadvisedly said to you, puts
 me into such a Confusion, that I must beg

of you, if I have any Power over you, to be &c. *Gonsalvo* was so pleased with what he had seen, that he would not press *Zayde* to make any Declaration of her Thoughts: He left her as she desired; and came back to the Campfull of Hope, to make her thornly change the Resolution she had taken.

Don Garcias his Forces, and the Valour of *Gonsalvo*, were so formidable to the *Moors*, that they submitted to all the Articles of Peace, which the King of *Leon* had proposed. The Treaty was signed on both Sides: And, as the *Moors* were to surrender some Places that were far off; it was agreed, That *Don Garcias* should retain all the Prisoners, until every Article of the Peace were fulfilled. In the mean-time, he was resolved to sojourn for some time, in those Cities which he had won; and therefore, went to *Almaras*, which the *Moors* had surrendered to him. The Queen, who passionately loved the King, accompanied him from the beginning of the Wars in the Field: But, during the Siege of *Talavera*, staid at a Place that was not far off; where a slight Indisposition held her still: But, she was, in a few Dayes, to come to him. *Gonsalvo* being impatient until he saw

Zayde

Zayde again, pray'd the King, to desire the Queen to pass to *Talavera*, under presence of seeing this new Conquest; and bring away all the *Arabian* Ladies, that were there. The Queen knew the Interest *Consulvo* had in *Zayde*; and, she was glad to Repair on this occasion, in some measure, those many Crosses she had caused him, in the Intreigue of *Nugna Bella*. She went to *Talavera*; and all the *Arabian* Ladies readily consented, to pass all the time they were to stay in *Spain*, in the Queen's Court. *Zulema*, who remain'd Prisoner at *Talavera*, was not so willing to consent, that *Zayde* should leave him; and the Rank, which he alwayes held, made him see with some Trouble, that his Daughter must be obliged to follow the Queen, as well as the rest of the *Arabian* Ladies: He consented to it, nevertheless; and *Consulvo* received the joyful News, that he should soon see that admirable Beauty, which made him so much in Love. The Day that the Queen was to come, the King went two Leagues to meet her: She was on Horse-back, with a'l the Ladies of her Train. As soon as she came near him, she presented *Zayde* to him, whose Beauty was increased by the care she took in her Dressing; inspired there-to, by

her Desire to appear to *Gonsalvo*, with all her Charms about her: Her graceful Person, her compleat Wit, and her modest Behaviour, surprized all that saw her. She was treated as a Person of her Birth, Merit, and Beauty, deserved. And she saw her self, in a few Dayes, the Delight, and the Admiration of all the Court of *Leon*.

Gonsalvo could not look upon her without Transports of joy; and the Assurance he had, that she loved him, would not let him think of the Obstacles which opposed his Happiness: If he loved her formerly, onely for the Charms of her Beauty, the Knowledge of her Vertue made him now adore her. He watched all opportunities of speaking to her in private, with as much Industry, as she used to avoid them: At last, having found her one Night in the Queens Closet, where there were but few besides; he conjured her with so much Earnestness and Respect, to tell him, how she was disposed towards him, that she could not deny him.

If it had been possible for me, said she, to hide it from you, I would do it, notwithstanding the esteem I have for you; and I would spare my self the shame of shew-

shewing an Inclination for a man, for
 whom I am not destin'd. But, since you
 have known my thoughts against my
 will, I willingly own them to you, and
 will explicate to you some Passages of
 which you could have but an obscure
 Knowledge. Then she told him all those
 things which he had already heard by
 Don Olmond, Concerning *Albuzar's* Pre-
 dictions, and the Resolutions of *Zulema*.
 You see, added she, That all I can do,
 is to pity you, and condemn my self.
 You are too full of Reason to expect, or
 ask me, not to follow my Fathers will.
 At least Madam, said he, let me flatter my
 self, that if he were capable of Changing
 his Resolution, you would not oppose it.
 I cannot tell you whether I should oppose
 it or no, answered she. But I believe, I
 ought to do it, because all the Happiness
 of my life depends upon it. If you be-
 lieve, Madam, replied *Gosaw* that you
 should be unhappy in making me happy,
 you have reason to continue the Resoluti-
 on you have taken. But I dare tell you,
 that if you continued in that opinion,
 which you would have me flatter my self
 with, you have nothing could induce you to
 believe, that it were possible for you to
 be unhappy. You are deceived, Madam,
 when

when you imagin that you have some little kindness for me; and I was mistaken too, when I fancied at *Alphonse's* house, that you were disposed to be favourable to me. Let us say no more, replied *Zayde*, of what we might believe of one another, during our abode in that solitude: And do not make me remember all that might persuade me, that your mind was taken up with other affections, than those I might give you. I have learnt since I saw you at *Tahzerat*, what made you leave the Court. Nor do I question but that you bestowed upon the Memory of *Nagma Bella*, all the time, which you did not spend in my company. *Gonsalvo* was Glad, that *Zayde* had given him occasion, to clear all the doubts, which she had of his passion. He laid open before her the true state his Heart was in, when he first saw her. He told her moreover, what he suffered for not being able to understand her, and all that he thought of her affliction. And yet I was not altogether mistaken Madam, added he, when I believed I had a Rivall: And I have been informed since of the passion the Prince of *Tharsus* had for you. It's true. Answered *Zayde*, that *Alamire* has professed a passion for me: And that my Father intended

tended to give me to him, before he saw
that Picture, which he keeps with an
extraordinary care. So fully he is perswa-
ded that my Happinesse depends upon
marrying the man, for whom it was drawn.
Well Madam, said *Gonsalves*, you are resol-
ved then, to consent to it, and to bestow
your self upon the man that you shall
find like me. If it be true, that you
have no Aversion for me, you may be-
lieve that you will have none for him :
So that this assurance I have, that you are
not displeasing to you, is to me a non-
winning Argument, that you will without
any Reluctancy Marry my *Rival*, but is a
kind of Misfortune which this man, but
my self has ever met with. And I know
not why the condition, I am in should not
move your pity. Do not complain of me, said
she, but rather, that you have been born a
Spaniard. Although it should be to you,
what you would desire, and that my Fa-
ther were not prepossessed, your Country
would still be an invincible obstacle against
your wishes. And *Zulema* would never
consent that I should Marry you. Give me
leave at least, Madam, replied *Gonsalves*,
to acquaint him with my Intentions. The
Aversion you shewed for *Admiral*, ought to
put him out of hope of making you mar-
ry

ry a man of his Religion: It may be, he is not foctyed to *Albunazar's* words as you think: In fine Madam, Give me leave to try alwayes, by which I may Arrive to a happineffe, without which it is impossible for me to live. I consent to what you desire, answered *Zayde*; nay, and I would have you believe too, that I fear all your endeavours will prove unsuccessfull.

Gonsalvo went away presently to the King, to beseech him to assist him to find *Zulema's* thoughts, and to try to make him approve of his designe. They concluded to Charge *Don Olmond* with this Commission; whose address, and Friendship for *Gonsalvo*, seemed more likely than any other, to succeed in this affair. The King writ by him to *Zulema*. And requested *Zayde* for *Gonsalvo*, with the same Application, as if he demanded her for himself. *Don Olmonds* journey, and *Don Garcias* his Letter, were in vain. *Zulema* made answer, that the King Honoured him too much, who having his Daughter in his possession, might dispose of her. But that by his consent, she should never Marry a man, that was of a contrary Opinion to his own. This answer gave *Gonsalvo* all the affliction he could

would bear: Being beloved of *Zayde*, he would not acquaint her with the illness of *Zayde*, fearing lest that the certainty of never being his, would make her Change the intentions she had for him: He told her only, that he did not despair of gaining *Zulemas* consent, and obtaining of him what he so earnestly desired.

The Princess *Belleny*, *Felimes* Mother, who was left Sick at *Oropese*, died a little after the Peace had been concluded. *Ofsin* was sent to *Talavera*, to be with *Zulema*, until the expiration of the time prefixed, for the releasing of the Prisoners; and *Felime* was conducted to the Court: She had all her wonted Charms about her. The affliction of her mind had so Macerated her Body, that her Beauty was impaired by it; but it was not hard to perceive, that her indisposition of health, had caused this alteration. This Princess was much surpris'd, to find, that the same *Gonsalvo*, whom she believed never to have known before, and whose Name she could not hear without Horror; for, the Wounds he gave to the Prince of *Tharsus*, was the same *Theodoric*, that she had seen at *Alphonso's* House, and that found the way to please *Zayde*. Her Afflictions were increased, when

when she reflected, that what she said to *Alamire* in the Woods of *Grapefe*, made him know *Gonsalvo* for his Rival, and was the occasion of their Combat.

That Prince was carried to *Almaraz*, she had the satisfaction to hear from him every day; and the consolation, not to be oblig'd to hide her Affliction, which was attributed to the Death of her Mother. *Alamire*, whose Youth for a time supported his Life, was at last reduced to that extremity of weakness, that the Physicians began to despair of his Recovery. *Felime* was with *Zayde* and *Gonsalvo*, when word was brought them, that one of that unfortunate Princes Gentlemen desired to speak with *Zayde*: She blushed, and after remaining some time in a confusion, she caused him to be brought in, and asked aloud, what the Prince of *Tharsus* desired. Madam, said he, my Master is upon the point of Death, and he begs, he may have the Honor, to see you before he Dies: He hopes the Condition he is in will not let you refuse him this Favor. *Zayde* was troubled, and surprized at the Gentlemans Request; she remained some time without answering: At last, turning her Eyes towards *Gonsalvo*, as if it were to know of him what

what he would have her do: But seeing he said nothing, and judging by his Countenance, that he did not desire she should see *Alamire*: I am very sorry said she, to the Gentleman, that I cannot gratifie the Prince of *Tharsus* in what he desires of me; If I thought that my presence would contribute any thing to his Cure, I would most willingly see him; but being perswaded that it will avail him nothing, I begg he will excuse my not seeing him; and, I pray you to assure him, that I am much troubled at his weak Condition. The Gentleman went away with this Answer; and *Felime* remained overwhelmed with Grief; of which, nevertheless, she made no other shew but by her silence. *Zayde* was sad for *Felime*, and she had some pity for the wretched Destiny of the Prince of *Tharsus*. *Gonsalvo* was divided, betwixt his joy to see the complaisance *Zayde* had for a meaning which he had not so much as acquainted her with, and his Grief to have deprived that dying Prince of the sight of the Princess.

As all these persons were thus taken up with their divers thoughts; *Alamire's* Gentleman returned again, and told *Felime*, that his Master desired to see her: That
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there was no time to be lost, if she meant to grant him that Favor: *Felime* rises from her Seat, and had no other signe of a living Body, but her power to go: She gave her hand to that Gentleman, and being accompanied by her women, she went to the place where *Alamire* lay. She placed her self at his bed-side, and without saying any thing to him, she remained without motion, with her eyes fixed upon him: *I am Happy Madam*, said he to her, that the example of *Zayde* has not inspired you with the same Cruelty, to refuse me the satisfaction of seeing you; it was the only Comfort *I* could expect, since *I* have been depriv'd of her, to whom *I* took the boldness to pretend. *I* beseech you to tell her, that she had reason to think me unworthy of the Honor which *Zulema* once intended me. My Heart has been inflamed with so many Fires, and has been profain'd by so many false Adorations, that it did not deserve to touch hers: But if an inconstancy which ended at the first sight of her, could be repaired by a passion which made me directly opposite to what *I* was before, and by a pursuit, the fullest of respect that ever was; *I* do believe, Madam, that *I* had expiated all the Crimes of my Life. Assure her Madam, *I* conjure

sure you, that *I* had for her the same kind of Veneration, with which the Gods are adored; and that the Wounds *I* receiv'd from *Gonsalvo*, are not so Mortal to me, as to see that he is beloved by her. You told me the truth in the Woods of *Oropese*, when you informed me that her Heart was engaged. *I* believed it too true, though *I* told you at first *I* did not; *I* just parted from you, full of the *Idea* of the happy *Spaniard*. When *I* met *Gonsalvo*, his resemblance to the Picture which *I* had seen, and what you had then told me, struck me of a suddain, so that *I* made no doubt, but that he was the Man of whom you spoke. *I* gave him to understand that *I* was *Alamire*; he fell upon me with that Animosity, as if he had known me for his Rival. *I* have been told since, that *I* was not mistaken, when *I* took him for the Man, that had the luck to please *Zayde*. He deserves her Love, *I* envy his Happiness, without thinking him unworthy of her: *I* Dye oppressed with my misfortunes, without murmuring; and if *I* durst, *I* would only complain of *Zaydes* inhumanity, in depriving a Man of her sight, that is going to lose her for Ever. It is easie to judge, how many mortal Arrowes pierced the Soul of *Felime* at these words of *Alamire*. She en-

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deavoured

deavoured once or twice to speak; but her Sighs and her Tears obstructed her Speech. At last, with a Voice interrupted with Sighs, and precipitated by a Passion, which she could no longer contain; Believe me, said she, That if I had been in *Zaydes* place, no Man should be preferred before the Prince of *Tharsus*. In spite of his Grief, he was sensible of the force of these Words; and she turned her Head aside, to hide the abundance of her Tears, and to avoid the Eyes of *Alamire*. Alas, Madam, replied this dying Prince! Can it possible be, that what you have let me see, can be true? I must confess, that the Day you spoke to me in the Woods, I believed some part of what I now dare believe: But, I was so full of trouble, and you so dexterously turned the Meaning of your Words, that I retained but a very slight Impression of it. Pardon me, Madam, that I dare think it; and, pardon me, for creating a Misfortune, which has been more grievous to my self, than to you. I did not desire to be Happy; I had been too too Fortunate, if——

A suddain Fainting hindred him from proceeding; He lost the use of his Speech: And, turning his Eyes towards *Felime*, as if he meant to bid her Adieu, he closed them

them for ever, and dyed that very moment. *Felimes* Tears stopped; she is drowned in Sorrow: She looks upon this dying Prince with her Eyes fixt in her Head, and without motion. Her Women, seeing that she did not offer to stir from her Seat, came and led her away from a Place, where she no longer could see any thing but dismal and funestuous Objects. She suffer'd her self to be Conducted away, without pronouncing one Word: But, when she came into her Chamber, the Sight of *Zayde* embitter'd her Sorrow, and gave her Strength to speak. Are you now satisfyed, Madam, said she to her? *Alamire* is Dead! I, *Alamire* is Dead, continued she, as if she were speaking to her self! I shall never see him more! I have then lost all Hopes of ever being Beloved of him! It is no longer in Love's Power, to preserve him for me! My Eyes shall never meet with his! His Presence, which sweeten'd all my afflicting Misfortunes, is for ever vanish'd from my sight. Ah, Madam, said she to *Zayde*! Is it possible, that any Man should please you, when *Alamire* could not? How Cruel was your Humanity? Why would not you love him? He Adored you most Religiously. What could there be wanting in him, to render him

more Amiable? But, replied *Zayde*, softly; You very well know, that I should encrease your Sufferings, if I had loved him; and that it was the only thing in the World, which you apprehended most. It is true, Madam, answered she; it is true, I was unwilling you should make him so Happy: But, I would not have had you deprive him of Life. Alas! Why did I with so much Care, conceal from him the Passion I had for him? Perhaps, it had won upon him; happily it might have given him some Diverſion, from that fatal Love which he had for you. What was I afraid of? Why should not he know, that my Heart Adored him? The only Consolation which is left me, is, that he suspected some-thing of it: Well, although he had known it, it may be, he would have dissembled that he loved me, and so would have deceived me: What, if he had continued to deceive me, as he begun? Those dear Moments, wherein he made me believe that he loved me, are yet precious to my Memory. Is it possible, that after suffering so many Evils, there should rest still so great for me to endure? I hope, at least, that my Grief will be strong enough, to bereave me of Force to support them.

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As she talked thus; *Gonsalvo* came to the Door of her Chamber (not thinking she was there) to know in what Condition she was in, after returning from *Alamire's* Apartment: He with-drew himself suddainly, that he might not irritate her grief by his Presence: But, he could not do it so quickly, but that she had a Glimpse of him; and this sight of him, made her cry out so mournfully, that the hardest Hearts could not choose but be moved there-at. *I beseech you, Madam,* said she to *Zayde*, to give order, that *Gonsalvo* comes not into my sight: *I cannot endure the Sight of a Man, from whose Hand Alamire received his Death; and who robb'd him of what was dearer to him, than his Life.*

The Violence of her Grief took away her Speech, and her Senses: And her Health being already much impair'd, it was easie to perceive, that her Life was in danger. The King, and the Queen, being told of her Condition, came to see her; and sent for all that could give her Ease. After five or six Hours lying in a kind of Lethargy, the Strength of the Medicines which was given her, brought her to her self: She knew none of the Standers by, but *Zayde*; who fate weeping by

her, with much sorrow. Do not lament my Loss, said she, (so low, that she could hardly be over-heard); I should no longer be worthy of your Friendship; nor could I love a Person that caused the Death of *Alamire*. She could say no more. She fell into the same Fainting-Fits again: And the next Day, about the same Hour that she saw the Prince of *Tharsus* depart, she ended a Life, which Love had render'd so Unfortunate.

The Death of two Persons, of so extraordinary Merit, was so worthy of Compassion, that all the Court of *Leon* was afflicted there-at: *Zulema's* Grief was inexpressible; She loved *Felime* passionately: and the manner of her Death, added more Sorrow to her Affliction. All *Gonsalvo's* Prayers, and his Cares, could not prevail for several Dayes with her, to moderate her Grief: But, her Apprehensions of leaving *Spain*, and losing *Gonsalvo*, gave some Respite to her Tears, to afflict her with another sort of Discontent. The King returned to *Leon*: And there remain'd so little now of what was to fulfil the intricate Accomplishment of the Articles of Peace, that in all appearance, *Zulema* was very shortly to re-pass into *Africk*: Yet, he was not in a condition to Travail; for,
he

he was dangerously sick, when *Felime* dyed; and the Extreimity he was reduced to, was kept from *Zayde*, that she might not be oppressed with so many Afflictions at one and the same time. *Gonsalvo* was full of Mortal Disquiet; and studied all wayes, by which he might either induce that Prince to consent to his Happiness, or perswade *Zayde* to stay in *Spain* with the Queen; since Reason seemed to dispense with her, for not following a Father, that appeared in a Resolution, to force her to change her Religion. Some Dayes after they came to *Leon*, *Gonsalvo* came one Evening into the Queens Closet; where *Zayde* was; but her Eyes were so fixt upon a Picture of *Gonsalvo's*, that she did not see him when he came in. It is decreed, Madam, said he, that I must alwayes be jealous of Pictures; since I am so even of my own, and must envy the Attention you have in looking on them. What, of your Picture, answered *Zayde*, with an extream Surprise! Yes, Madam, of my Picture, replied *Gonsalvo*: I see, you can hardly believe it, because it is so Handsom; but I assure you, it was drawn for me. *Gonsalvo*, said she, was there no other Picture drawn for you, like this? Ah, Madam, cryed he, with that kind of Trouble, which

uncertain Joyes creates in us ! May not I believe what you give cause to suspect, and what I can scarce dare to tell ? Yes, Madam, other Pictures like this you see, have been drawn for me : But, I dare not give my self the Liberty to believe what I perceive you think, and what I should have thought long since, if I had judg'd my self worthy of those Predictions which have been told you ; and if you had not alwayes assured me, that the Picture which resembled me, was drawn for an *African*. I believed so by the Habit, and the Words of *Albumazar* perswaded me to it : You know, added she, how much I desired, that you might be the Man you resembled : But what surprizes me, is, that having wished it so much, my Pre-occupation should hinder me from believing it. I spoke of it to *Felime*, the first time I saw you at *Alphonso's* House. When I saw you again at *Talavera*, and was informed of your Birth and Quality, this very Imagination came into my Mind ; but looked only upon it, as a pure Effect of my Wishes. But, How hard a matter will it be, continued she, fetching a deep Sigh ! to perswade my Father, to believe this Truth ? And, how much I fear, that these Predictions, which seemed true to him when he

he thought they concerned a Man of his own Perswasion, will seem false to him, when they relate to a *Spaniard*? While she thus argued, the Queen came into the Closet; *Gonsalvo* made her partake of his Joy: She did not defer a moment acquainting the King, with the Discourse they had; and the King came that very instant, to know of *Gonsalvo*, What remained to be done, that his Happiness might be compleated. After consulting a good while, by what means *Zulema* might be won; it was agreed, he should be brought to Court. A Messenger was instantly dispatched to *Salaviera*, to acquaint him, that the King desired he should be brought to Court; and being now perfectly Recovered, arrived there in few Dayes. The King received him with great Demonstrations of Esteem, and led him into his Closet. You would not grant me *Zayle*, says he, for the Man of the World I consider the most; but, I hope, you will not refuse her to him, whose Picture you see here; and to whom, I know, she is destined by the Predictions of *Albumazar*. At this, he shewed him *Gonsalvo's* Picture, and presented to him *Gonsalvo* himself, who was with-drawn from them a little. *Zulema* looks now up-
on

on the Picture, and then upon *Gonsalvo*; and seemed to be in a deep Study: The King believed, that his Silence proceeded from his Uncertainty. If you are not fully perswaded, said he, by the Resemblance, that this is *Gonsalvo's* Picture; you shall have so many other Proofs, that you shall have no cause to doubt of it: The Picture you have, which is like this, could not fall into your Hands, but since the Battle which *Nugnes Fernando* (*Gonsalvo's* Father) lost against the *Moors*: He caused it to be drawn by an excellent Painter, who had Travel'd over most Parts of the World: He took such a liking to the *African* Garb, that he drew all his Pictures in that Habit. It is true, Sir, replied *Zulema*, that I have that Picture, but since the time you speak of: It is true likewise, because you do me the Honor to say it, and the Resemblance makes it out; that I cannot doubt, but that it is *Gonsalvo's* Picture: But that is not the Cause of my Silence, or Astonishment. I admire the Decrees of Heaven, and the Effects of the Almighty's Providence. There has been no Predictions made to me, Sir! The Words of *Albumazar*, of which I perceive, you heard speak, were taken by my Daughter in another Sense than

than they should be. But, since you have the Goodness to be concerned for my Daughters Fortune, give me leave to inform you, what you cannot know but from me; and to shew you the beginning of a Life, which you alone can make Happy.

The just Pretensions my Father had to the Empire of the *Caliphe*, occasioned his Banishment into *Cyprus*; whither I went along with him: There I fell in love with *Alasimthe*, and Married her: She was a Christian; I resolved to embrace her Perswasion; because it was the only way, that seemed to me fit to be lived in: Nevertheless, the Austerities of it, frightened me, and stopped the Execution of my Designe. I went back into *Africk*: The Pleasures, and the Corruption of Manners; re-engaged me more than ever, in my own Religion, and gave me a fresh Aversion against Christians. I forgot *Alasimthe* for many Years: But, at last, I had a desire to see her, and *Zayde*, which I had lost an Infant: I resolved to go into *Cyprus* to fetch her away, and to make her change her Religion; and Marry her to the Prince of *Fess*, of the House of *Idris*. He had heard of her, and earnestly desired to have her. His Father had a particular Friend-

Friendship for me. The Wars that were then begun in *Cyprus*, made me hasten my Designe: When I arrived there, I found the Prince of *Tharsus* in love with *Zayde*: I thought him very Deserving. I did not question, but that she had an Inclination for him: I believed, my Daughter would have been easily perswaded to Marry him: Nor was I wholly Engaged to the Prince of *Fez*. Her Mother being a Christian, I feared she would be an Obstacle to the Designe I had, to make *Zayde* change her Religion. I gave my consent to *Alamire's* Pretentions: But was surprized, to find the Aversion she shewed to him. And, during the Siege at *Famagosta*, all my Endeavours could not prevail with her, to Marry him. I thought not fit, to press her too much, to conquer an Aversion which seemed Natural in her; but, resolved to Marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, so soon as we should be Landed in *Africk*. He writ to me since my Arrival in *Cyprus*; by which I understood, that his Mother was Dead: So that, I saw no Obstacle to this Marriage. We left *Famagosta*; we landed at *Alexandria*; where I found *Abumazar*, with whom I had been long acquainted. He took notice, that my Daughter looked earnestly upon a Picture, which

I had, that was like this I see. The next Day, as I was speaking to this Learned Man, of the Aversion she had for *Alamire*; I told him my Intention to Marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, whether she should like him or not.

I doubt, answered *Albumazar*, whether she will have any Dislike to his Person; for this Picture, which so much pleases her, is so like that Prince, that I believe, it was drawn for him. I cannot judge, said I, because I never saw him: It is not impossible, but that it may be his Picture: Nor do I know, for whom it was drawn; for, it came into my Hands, by Chance. I wish, that Prince may please *Zayde*: But, if she should dislike him, I should not have the same Complaisance for her, as I had upon the Prince of *Tharsus* his account. Some dayes after, my Daughter prayed *Albumazar* to tell her something of her Fortune: As he knew my Intentions; and did believe, that the Picture which she saw, was made for the Prince of *Fez*; he told her, without any Designe, That his Words should be taken for a Prediction; That she was destin'd for him whose Picture she had seen. I seemed to believe, that *Albumazar* spoke by a particular Fore-know-

knowledge he had of Things to come. I still appeared to *Zayde*, to be of the same Opinion. When I left *Alexandria*, *Albumazar* assured me, that I should never succeed in the Designs I had for her: Nevertheless, I could not lose my Hopes of bringing them to pass. During my late Sickness, the Designe I had formerly of embracing the True Religion, came so strongly into my Fancy, that since my Recovery, all my Thoughts have been employed about fortifying my self in this Resolution; yet, I confess, that this Happy Resolution was not yet so strong, as it ought to be: But, now I must yield to what Heaven is working in my favor. It leads me by the same wayes, which I meant to follow, in making my Daughter marry a Man of my own Perswasion, to marry her to one of her Religion. The Words which *Albumazar* spoke without Designe, only upon a Resemblance, in which he was mistaken, proves a true Prediction; and this Prediction is accomplished in every part, by the Happiness which my Daughter will have, in marrying a Man, that is the Admiration and Wonder of his time. I have nothing more to say, but to beg of you, Sir, To receive me

me among the Number of your Subjects;
and, To permit me, to end my Dayes in
your Kingdom.

The King and *Gonsalvo* were so surprized and over-joyed with *Zulema's* Discourse, that they Embraced him without replying; being not able to find Words of a suddain, to expresse their satisfaction. At last, after having declared their Joy, they stood a great while, admiring the Circumstances of so strange an Adventure: Yet *Gonsalvo* no way admired, that *Albuzmazar* should be mistaken in his Resemblance to the Prince of *Fez*; he knew, that others had been deceived in it, as well as he: He told *Zulema*, That the Prince of *Fez* his Mother, was Sister to *Nugnes Fernando*, his own Father; and that, being taken away in an Invasion which the *Moors* made, she was carryed into *Africk*; where her Beauty made her Legitimate Wife to the Father of this Prince of *Fez*.

Zulema went to acquaint his Daughter with what had passed; and it was easy for him to perceive by her manner of receiving this News, that she was not insensible

sensible of *Gonsalvo's* Merit: Some few
Dayes after, *Zulema* made publick Pro-
fession of the *Christian Faith*. Nothing
now was thought on, but the Preparati-
ons of this Marriage; which was solemn-
ized with all the Gallantry of the *Moors*,
and the Politeness of *Spain*.

FINIS.

